MAY, 1901.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

In our next issue we shall begin the publication of a short novel of character by Hamilton W. Mabie. This story, which we believe is to be entitled *John Foster,* will run through three numbers of THE BOOKMAN and will appear in book form in the autumn.

In response to a number of inquiries as to the authorship of the article "Personal Reminiscences of Horace Greeley," which appeared in our April number, we are at liberty to say that it was written by Mr. J. Henry Hager, who began his journalistic career on the New York *World,* being a member of the staff when the first number of that paper was issued in June, 1860. Mr. James R. Spalding was the editor-in-chief, and Mr. Richard Grant White one of the editorial contributors.

Mr. Charles Major's new book, which is to be called *The Bears of Blue River,* is not exactly a novel, but rather a continuous narrative of historical adventure, with the scenes laid about the Blue River of Indiana in frontier days.

We trust that our readers will regard with kindly toleration any self-complacency which they may detect while we announce that THE BOOKMAN received at the Paris Exposition one of the gold medals given to American magazines.

We had hoped to present to our readers a photographic reproduction of the medal received by us, showing both the obverse and the reverse; for both the design and

GEORGE HORTON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the execution are exceedingly artistic; but a curious little incident has postponed this illustration until another number. The medal itself has not yet reached us,

MISS GERALDINE ANTHONY.

but in its stead we possessed until the other day an absolutely perfect replica of it in an inferior metal, but gilded so that it could not be distinguished from the original. This replica being on exhibition in the show-windows of the publishers attracted the attention of a predatory gentleman who doubtless has some special rank and station of his own among the Powers that Prey, and who may also possibly possess a certain interest in literature. He observed the spurious medal in the window and made up his mind that his need of it and of the pound or two of gold which it apparently contained was greater than THE BOOKMAN'S. Consequently, in the middle of the night, he bored through a thick plate-glass window with his fist, cutting himself quite badly (as was afterward evident from the blood) and made off with the medal and its case. We should like to know just what this gentleman remarked after he had investigated his prize in a scientific spirit; but even if we did know we fear that we could not safely print it in THE BOOKMAN.

George Horton.

The material which Mr. George Horton used in writing *Like Another Helen,* which was reviewed in the April number of THE BOOKMAN, was gathered during the years the author spent in Greece as American Consul to Athens under President Cleveland's second administration. During this time he made a very careful study of the Greek language and people. Mr. Horton was born in Fairville, Wayne County, New York, in 1859. While he was a small boy his parents emigrated to Michigan, where the future writer was educated. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan, where he won high honours for his work in the classics. After being graduated, he taught school for a time and then turned his hand to newspaper work in Chicago. Since his return from his consulship in Athens he has devoted himself entirely to literary work.

The fourth of the series of American novels which is coming from the press of the Messrs. Harper is *A Victim of Circumstances,* by Miss Geraldine Anthony, a story of New York society life, with the scenes laid for the most part at country

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

residences on the Hudson River and at Newport. This is Miss Anthony's first book, although for the past two or three years she has contributed verses, stories, and miscellaneous articles to some of the magazines.

Miss Frances Weston Carruth, whose novel, *The Way of Belinda,* is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN, confesses that she has upon occasion, when she was storming magazine offices with articles and short stories, practised a device of which we have never before heard. The fact that one of her contributions had been returned with thanks never dismayed her in the least. It simply fired her with the idea of pressing the unwelcome manuscript with a hot flatiron, and starting it out again to another editor, looking as though that was positively its first appearance.

Before she began work on *The Way of Belinda,* Miss Carruth had won a very pleasant minor success with *Those Dale Girls.* Although a Bostonian by birth, she had spent much of her girlhood in North Carolina, and at one time lived for five years in Washington. *Those Dale Girls,* while in the main fiction, contains a great deal of fact. Miss Carruth and her sister, through their father's financial reverses, went to work in Boston in the same way that the Dale girls did, and lived many of the incidents of the story. Though "Julie" is distinctly a fictitious character, it is, all unconsciously on the part of the author, a better portrait of Miss Carruth than is likely ever to be drawn again. "Peter Snooks," the dog for which many inquiries have been made, is the one absolutely unchanged thing in the book. After finishing her first book, Miss Carruth was for months broken down in health, owing to the strain of the years of hard work, to which she was totally unaccustomed. For a considerable time she was unable to write anything at all. In the meanwhile she became much interested in the work done in the East Side by the various Settlements and individuals. She went into this work with no idea of finding literary copy, but once there she could not fail to be impressed by its possibilities, and the result of this experience is to be found in many of the chapters of *The Way of Belinda.*

A recent number of the *Illustrated London News* presented the accompanying cartoon by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in which the author gives his idea of the British chase of De Wet. It has been re-

MISS FRANCES WESTON CARRUTH.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

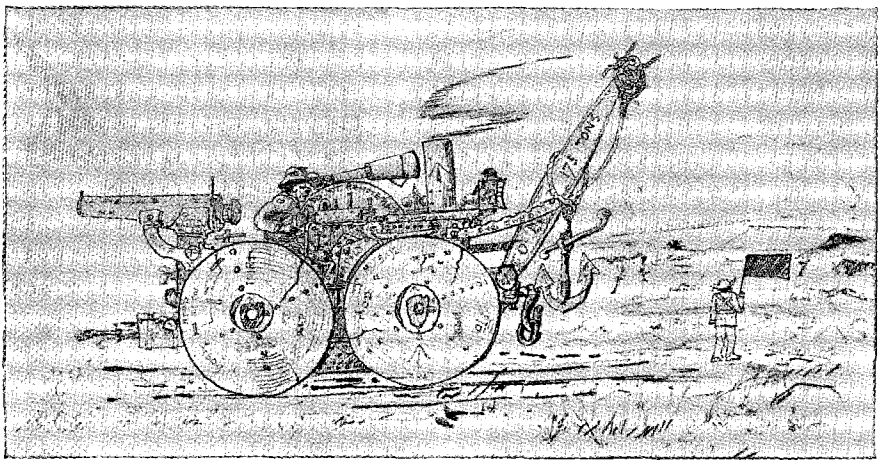
ported, by the way, that Mr. Kipling intends soon to re-establish an abode for himself in this country. His departure from his Vermont home after his trouble with his brother-in-law is a matter of history.

There has recently been revived an old and very circumstantial story about Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem, "Recessional," which it may be as well to contradict. The story is that Mr. Kipling, after being occupied in his study for a day, told his wife that he had been able to accomplish nothing, and went out for a ride. Mrs. Kipling examined his waste-paper basket and found a number of verses on separate slips. She selected the best, and sent them to the *Times,* where they appeared under the title "Recessional" next day. A cheque for £50 followed. The truth of the matter is this: Mr. Kipling wrote the verses, and was not sure that they were worth publishing. He was induced, however, by the strongly expressed judgment of near relatives, to send them to the *Times,* and he accepted no payment whatever.

Some interesting particulars about Mr. Kipling's early dealings with publishers are given by Mr. W. T. Spink, of the well-known firm of Messrs. Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta. This firm published Rudyard Kipling's early works. He sent Mr. Spink his *Departmental Ditties* in manuscript, saying, "I want 500 rupees to go on a shooting expedition, and you may have this in exchange." The bargain was made, and afterward in London Mr. Kipling offered Mr. Spink as many more poetical pieces as he chose to select from a collection sent by him at £5 each. Altogether eight editions were published by the Calcutta firm, and then Mr. Kipling negotiated to buy back the copyright, which he did for £2000.

We present herewith a portrait of Mr. Lewis Melville, whose *Life of Thackeray,* published last year, was widely discussed and as widely abused. Another contribution to Thackerayana from Mr. Melville's pen is *Stray Papers,* a review of which will be found elsewhere in our present issue.

Another addition to the already long list of historical novels is *Every Inch a King,* by a new and exceptionally young writer, Miss Josephine Caroline Sawyer. Miss Sawyer is the daughter of Judge A. H. Sawyer, of Watertown, New York, and was born in that city in September, 1879. As a child her delicate health prevented her from sharing in the amusements of other children, and in consequence she turned to books at a very early age. As a young girl at school she showed decided literary promise. It was while studying Shakespeare that Miss Sawyer became interested in the character of Prince Hal, and later while visiting the historic parts of older London she sketched out the romance which afterward took form in *Every Inch a King.*



RUDYARD KIPLING'S IDEA OF THE SITUATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LEWIS MELVILLE.

TOM GALLON.

Tom Gallon, whose latest novel, *The Second Dandy Chater,* has just been published in this country, is another English novelist who drifted into literature after beginning life as a clerk in a city office. Mr. Gallon was born in London, December 5, 1866. When he gave up the idea of a commercial career he became an usher in a large private school, and later the secretary of a mayor of a provincial English town. Being forced by illness to give up work, he went on a long tramp through the country, during which he began to write short stories and special

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER.

MISS JOSEPHINE CAROLINE SAWYER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

articles. He entered literature by way of Grub Street, and for a time life was an arduous pursuit of elusive stray guineas. The list of his publications includes *Tatterley,* 1897; *A Prince of Mischance,* 1897; *Dicky Monteith,* 1898; *The Kingdom of Hate,* 1899; *Comethup,* 1899; *Kiddy,* 1900; and *A Rogue in Love.*

❧

Mr. A. S. Pier.

Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier, whose novel *The Sentimentalists* is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN, was born in Pittsburg in 1874. He spent four years at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, in preparation for Harvard, where he was graduated in the class of 1895. After leaving the University he took up the study of law. Three months of law, however, were enough for him, and he decided to give it up and try his hand at journalism. He accepted an editorial position on the *Youth's Companion,* and for the past five years he has resided at Cambridge. *The Sentimentalists* is Mr. Pier's second book. A few years ago he published *The Pedagogues,* a story of the Harvard Summer School, which created a decided stir in university circles, and which was a very clever piece of work.

PHILANDER CHASE JOHNSON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"ON THE HEIGHTS THE QUAINT CHALETS, SOME MERELY HUTS FOR STORING WOOD."
—"SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT."

Newspaper Talent and the Exchange Desk.

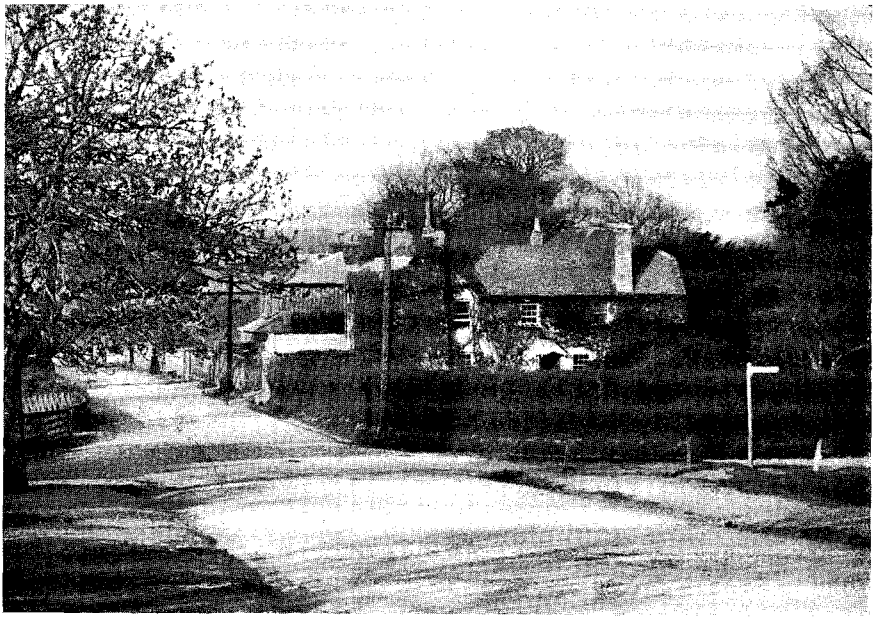
As a developer of literary talent and reputation, the newspaper exchange editor has never received his proper due. Of course he is actuated by sentiments no loftier than that of snipping from the columns of the other papers just what will prove most attractive and advantageous in his own, but nevertheless he has been the means of building up some very bright American literary reputations. For years Mr. Dooley's philosophy was enjoyed by the limited constituency of a Chicago evening paper. Dooley's creator could hardly be said to have had even a local

KEBLE'S VICARAGE AT HUXLEY, BUILT BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE ROAD TO OTTERBOURNE.

fame until the exchange editors of the country began clipping his column from day to day, and Dooley emerged as a great national censor and satirist. It was the same way with George Ade's *Fables in Slang*. Frank L. Stanton's *Dixie Verses* enjoyed celebrity for years in the columns of the Atlanta *Constitution* before he was raised by the exchange desk shears to his present conspicuous position.



ELDERFIELD, CHARLOTTE M. YONGE'S HOUSE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A writer who is speedily becoming widely known in this manner is Mr. Philander Chase Johnson, who for the past ten years has been writing daily a quarter of a column of miscellaneous verse and humour and sarcasm for the Washington *Evening Star,* under the title "Shooting Stars." There are in American journalism very few features so welcome to the industrious exchange editor as this column, in the writing of which Mr. Johnson has introduced several humorous fictitious characters. Of these the best known is Uncle Eben, an old darkey, whose philosophy is a part of the education and amusement of all Washington. Several years ago a number of this character's observations were collected in a little volume, entitled *Sayings of Uncle Eben.* Mr. Johnson, who is a native of Wheeling, West Virginia, is not yet thirty-five years old. His newspaper work began in Cincinnati, where he was associated with Mr. W. J. Lampton on the *Merchant Traveller,* a journal published in the interest and for the amusement of "drummers." After the failure of this paper, like Mr. Lampton, he migrated to Washington, where he has been ever since. A book of Mr. Johnson's verses, *Nowaday Poems,* has just appeared.

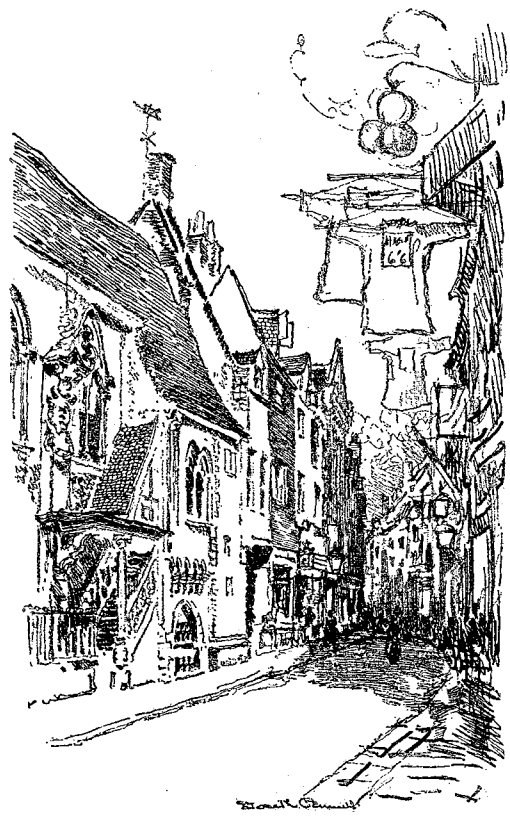
Elsewhere in the present issue of THE BOOKMAN will be found Miss Harraden's own story of the adventures of her most famous book. On a previous page will be found a hitherto unpublished photograph of one of the scenes of *Ships That Pass in the Night,* a new and handsomely illustrated edition of which has just been brought out in this country.

We present herewith three photographs of scenes about the home of the late Charlotte M. Yonge, whose life and writings form the subject of an article to be found elsewhere in our present issue.

The Black Bull Inn, the last of the ancient hostelries in Holborn, is to be pulled down. It was there that Dickens laid the scene of the nursing experiences of Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig, and where the immortal "Sairey" perpetrated so many of her historic expressions. After standing for over three hundred years it is now to make way for modern buildings, which will soon replace all the old haunts so dear to Dickens.

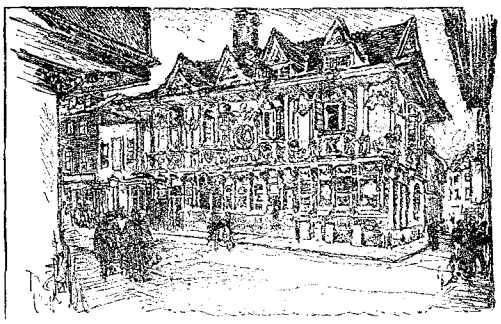
Literary Haunts of East Anglia.

East Anglia, which is the subject of a recent book, *Highways and Byways in East Anglia,* written by Mr William A. Dutt, and very admirably illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell, is singularly rich in its literary landmarks and associations. As Mr. Clement Shorter pointed out in a recent address to the London Society of East Anglians, that part of England has produced the most remarkable letter-writers in the English language—Margaret Paston, Horace Walpole, and Edward Fitzgerald; and in William Cowper and George Crabbe, the two most natural and the two most human poets in the English literature of two centuries, excepting only the favourite poet of Scotland—Robert Burns. Lord Lytton and Captain Marryat, he reminded his audience, were



YARMOUTH—DICKENS'S "DAVID COPPERFIELD."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



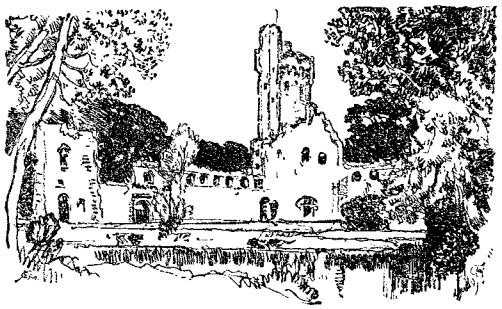
THE ANCIENT HOUSE, IPSWICH—"DAVID COPPERFIELD" AND "THE PICKWICK PAPERS."

also East Anglians. In looking through *Highways and Byways in East Anglia* we find in text and illustrations countless little reminders of the famous personages of fact and of fiction. The sketch of the Ancient House at Ipswich recalls the adventures of Mr. Pickwick and of David Copperfield. In the chapter about Woodbridge we come upon Little Grange, "Old Fitzgerald's" ivy-clad house. And a little farther on we find ourselves in Yarmouth, where were laid so many of the scenes of *David Copperfield.*

The Best Age for Literary Achievement.

In a recent number of *Literature,* there was brought up the question as to when in life the human mind works to the best advantage. The subject is not exactly a new one, but it is always to a certain extent interesting, especially when the question is that of literary production. *Literature* retells the anecdote of the laborious author who proved, to his own satisfaction, that the full fruition of human brain power was attained in the year which used to be known as the grand climacteric—sixty-three. So, although he published with considerable regularity throughout his life, he reserved his chief ideas for use at that age. Accordingly, he wrote his great book at the proper time, but to his horror it was received with a general chorus of contempt. The mystery was solved by the discovery that his certificate of birth had been, by a sad mistake, two years post-dated, so that he had really written his book at sixty-five, and could expect only that it should be damned by the critics. Consequently, the writer in question either killed himself or turned reviewer in his disgust with life.

Of the greater novelists of the nineteenth century George Eliot, as has been noted above, is one of those whose genius ripened the latest. Thackeray did not begin the writing of *Vanity Fair* until he was thirty-five, and all of his longer novels were written between that age and the age of fifty-two, at which he died. *Barry Lyndon* was published when he was thirty-one, and although that is a very brilliant and even extraordinary book, Thackeray, in the years before the appearance of *Vanity Fair,* was ranked only as a clever literary hack. In direct contrast were the early successes of Dickens. Before he was thirty he had given half a dozen masterpieces to the English reading world. He was little more than out of his teens when he began the writing of *Sketches by Boz*; and he was only twenty-four when he undertook the adventures of Mr. Pickwick and his companions. While on this subject, it may be said that Dickens was rather an exception, because although in the work of his later life there was lacking some of that spontaneous humour and animal spirit which characterised his first productions, there was, on the whole, no marked diminution of his power. Trollope, as was told in the April number of THE BOOKMAN, began his literary career late in life. *The Warden,* the first of his successful novels, did not appear until 1855, when the author was forty years of age. Victor Hugo, as every one knows, won his first extraordinary literary successes at so early an age that he was known as "the divine child." *Les Misérables,* the greatest of his novels, however,



CAESTER CASTLE.

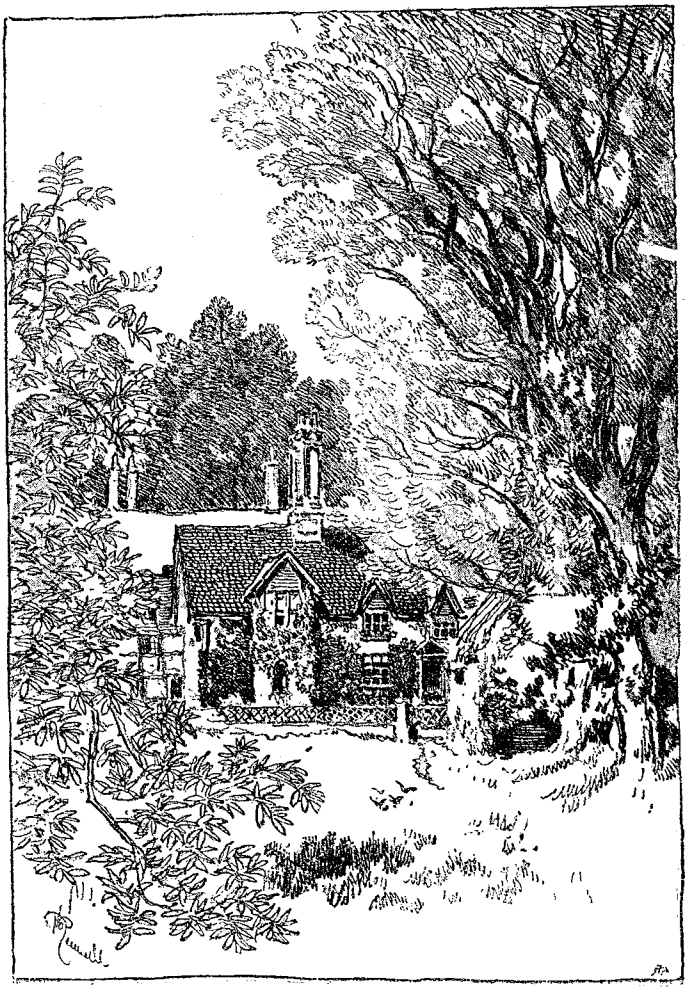
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was not written until late in life. Between the ages of twenty and thirty Balzac wrote a great number of novels and short stories which seem to have had no astonishing merit. It was not until about 1830 that there came to him the scheme of the *Comédie Humaine,* and the beginning of his great success.

To establish any hard-and-fast rule would, of course, be manifestly absurd, the history of literature is so filled with contradictions. Milton was fifty when he began the work of writing *Paradise Lost.* Swift produced *Gulliver's Travels* at fifty-nine. Defoe was fifty-eight when he gave up hack journalism to write *Robinson Crusoe.* Scott had been for years a poet of world-wide reputation when, at the age of forty-four, he published the first of the Waverley novels. At fifty Darwin published *The Origin of Species. Middlemarch,* which is generally considered George Eliot's finest book, was not written until she was fifty-two. Hood was forty-six when he wrote "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt." At the other extreme we have, for example, Byron and Burns, and Pope and Musset, and Gautier, and a score of others, whose greatest works were produced at an early age.

The Old John Bull and the New.

A writer in a recent number of that entertaining illustrated English weekly, *The Sketch,* takes up the character and appearance of John Bull, and traces his evolu-



LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE—FITZGERALD'S HOME.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion in caricature from the time of Gillray to the present day. He points out the fallacy of the popular idea that John Bull was evolved in the pages of *Punch*. In fact, *Punch* took Mr. Bull as it found him, and, "after a brief attempt to improve upon him, was content to fall back upon the character as depicted by its predecessors in the department of satire." The truth is that John Bull, as a generic name for Englishmen, had not a pictorial, but a literary genesis. It was at least seventy years after the publication, in 1712, of Arbuthnot's *History of John Bull* before its hero was portrayed by an artist, and this portrayal was apparently done without any reference whatever to Bull's biographer. Arbuthnot's satire dealt with the Spanish Succession during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Queen Anne. Queen Anne is Mrs. Bull; John Bull's mother is the Church of England, and John Bull's sister, Peg, the Scotch nation, is represented as in love with Jack (Calvin). In his selection of the name "John Bull" it is possible that Arbuthnot was influenced by the existence, a century earlier, of a real John Bull, a celebrated doctor of music, and the reputed composer of the English national anthem, "God Save the King."

By the middle of the eighteenth century the name "John Bull" had alone survived. The original description of this character had been forgotten, since from a bluff country gentleman he had degenerated into a sort of peasant farmer, rough and uncouth in his habits and his talk, but possessing at bottom a fund of shrewd common sense, and a determination not to be hoodwinked by anybody. It was in this guise that he made his first appearance in political caricature. It is thus that he is seen in the cartoons of Rowlandson and Gillray.

John Bull is far from being the John Bull we know. He still lacks dignity, unless it be the dignity of simple rustic honesty and love of country. He is very far away indeed from Arbuthnot's description of him. In all the caricatures of the day he is found still employing the vulgar speech. Not merely does he allow himself to be addressed as "Johnny" (a thing Mr. Bull to-day would be shocked at), but he is forever so apostrophising himself. It is "plain old Johnny, rough old Johnny B.—none of your French ways here, by G—, but all British sturdiness and honesty!" Dickens must have been studying these old cartoons when he created J. Bagstock, "Joey B., plain old Joe." Sometimes he is as patient as a faithful old dog, allowing himself to be treated infamously, ground to powder, as it were, in the good patriotic cause. If a character of more weight and dignity were demanded for the situation, it was never John Bull who would be drawn, but the King. In one cartoon, for instance, there is an impending change of ministry suggested, and the central figure is surrounded by satellites eager to obtain office on any terms.

"Begone!" exclaims the chief personage; "I won't have any of you. I want statesmen of character and ability; I've tried you, and found you wanting." Is this not the very language of John Bull? But John Bull could not talk like that yet; it was the King who spoke. It was when the King became infirm and lost his reason that John Bull became John Bull *plus* the King. Compare a cartoon of 1798 with one of, say, eleven years later. Bull is rejoicing over the destruction of one of Bonaparte's schemes of invasion.

"Ha! my little 'Boney,'" he cries; "what dost think of Johnny Bull now? Plunder old England, hay? Make French slaves of us all, hay? Oh, Lord help that silly head! To think that Johnny Bull would ever suffer those lanthorn jaws to become King of Old England's roast beef and plum-pudding!" This cartoon by Gillray is entitled "John Bull's Home Stroke Armed en Masse." The other is by Rowlandson, and is called "John Bull and the Genius of Corruption." The national prototype has been haranguing on the extinction of abuses with a compound symbolical monster who is standing in the way of progress and healthy legislation. Mr. Bull's corrupt opponent is making the Jesuitical confession, "What you say about reform, Johnny, is very true, but this is not the time for it." Bull, who has no opinion of the obstructive party, is retorting, "No; nor ever will be while such a monster as you remains in existence."

By 1825 John Bull had been transformed by John Phillips into a squire and a gentleman. He was still crusty and irascible. George Cruikshank contributed many of the details of his costume, particularly the top-boots, which made their appearance about 1829. *Punch*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was founded in 1841; and in the issue of October 9 of that year John Bull made his début in a picture by John Leech, entitled "Mr. Sancho Bull and the State Physician." He had been mentioned, however, in an earlier number

JOHN LEECH (1857) JAMES GILLRAY (1802). JOHN PHILLIPS (1829).

G CRUIKSHANK (1829) MR. JOHN BULL AT HOME. SIR JOHN TENNIEL IN "PUNCH" (1856). 1901

JAMES GILLRAY (1795) JOHN BULL AT HOME.—JAMES GILLRAY (1790). THOMAS ROWLANDSON (1793)

THE EVOLUTION OF JOHN BULL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(the fourth) of *Punch* in a rhyming skit on Parliament, entitled "The House that Jack (Bull) Built." Since that time the scheme of evolution has been going steadily on, until it has resulted in the familiar figure of to-day.

The Moral and the Immoral in Literature.

Some time ago Mr. Henry James wrote an article on Matilde Serao, the Italian novelist, in which he found occasion to step aside from the subject proper, and to say something rather pointed about the limitations of English and American fiction. What Mr. James dwelt on most forcibly was a certain "conspiracy of silence" which he alleged had been entered into by Anglo-Saxons out of consideration for the innocence of the "young person." In a recent editorial, the New York *Tribune* took up Mr. James's article, and proceeded to demolish it in a manner that left no grounds for uncertainty. "There is no such thing," said the *Tribune*, "as a 'conspiracy of silence' in this business. Politely but firmly we must show Mr. James that we are not arguing, we are telling him. We regret to find him repeating this venerable chestnut, the common excuse offered by little men for the failure to pull themselves up by their boot straps to the level of their betters. A novelist of this stamp takes up an unsavoury theme and treats it not only crudely, but with vulgarity; he dwells with fatuous sapients on its basest externals, never linking it by so much as a thought to the serious issues of human life, never appealing by a single word to mature men and women. Such readers, uninfluenced by solicitude for the 'young person,' but simply out of contempt for what is conceited, shallow and trashy, remove the offending book at the end of the tongs. Promptly the outraged dabbler in dangerous waters raised a great hubbub about the inalienable rights of 'Art;' he bewails the preposterour domination of the young reader who smells of bread and butter; and, with a pious air of martyrdom, he explains that if she could only be suppressed he would soon show mankind what a truly sublime genius he is, and what colossal inspiration is shown by his consummate elucidation of the poetry and passion in a dunghill."

Now we do not believe at all in the "conspiracy of silence" of which Mr. James writes, and to which the *Tribune* so contemptuously alludes. But, on the other hand, we could conceive of it much more readily than we could of that school of decadent young American writers who concoct erotic novels, get them published, and then go about howling, as the *Tribune* has it, about the inalienable rights of "art." No doubt there are isolated cases of men and woman of this kind, but to picture them roaming about in dishevelled bands, storming and blaspheming at the gates of popular favour and substantial royalties, is just a little bit too absurd. On the whole, we should say that this idea of the *Tribune's* is considerably more of a myth than Mr. James's "conspiracy of silence." The writer of the editorial in question allowed his fancy too much free play. He perhaps thought of certain bravoes whom he once encountered in some café about Washington Square or South Fifth Avenue, and imagined that they must have been inveighing against decency in literature. The literary decadent may exist, but he does not flaunt himself as this editorial would have us believe. Perhaps he would like to, and perhaps the only reason that he does not is because he does not get a chance. There is no Montmartre school here; no fleering at the respectability of an Academy. If we have a literary Bohemia it is, on the whole, rather cleanly and wholesome; and when the Bohemians become envious and abusive toward the success of a certain book or of a certain author it is not because that author has refrained from injuring the innocence of the "young person," but generally because the success is comparatively undeserved and the book absurdly overrated.

The discussion, however, stirs up a much broader and older question—that of the moral and the immoral in literature. A short time ago one of the New York newspapers printed a special article about the recent books that were excluded from the shelves of the Boston Public Library, and the reasons for such exclusion. There were cases which were positive triumphs of the ridiculous. Keen-eyed critics and careful guardians of the innocence of the young mind had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discovered moral flaws which must have filled the authors of the books in question with amazement and dismay, and one shudders to think what the literature of the mighty past would be had it been sifted through such censorious hands. After all—if we leave out certain flagrant books which are usually utterly remote from the general reader—are there any cut-and-dried rules by which we may gauge the morality or the immorality of a work of fiction? Is it not entirely a question less of the book than of the reader? Mr. Anthony Comstock will go about seizing and destroying all the copies of *Tom Jones* that he is able to find, because, as he argues, not without a certain justice, that *Tom Jones* is not just the sort of book that is most beneficial to a boy or girl of fourteen. But what about the man of mature years who wishes to read Mr. Fielding's work because it is a great masterpiece of style and humour and insight into the human heart, and because without it there would be a gap in the whole scheme of England's literature?

Sir Water Scott mentions many forbidden subjects; and *Les Misérables* is a novel based on certain things which the "young person" is not supposed to know; while Balzac might be called an immoral writer. We were once gravely and crushingly told that "the best people of ————," naming a city not a hundred miles from New York, "do not approve of Balzac." *Vanity Fair* has been excluded from village libraries as being a work of "unfortunate tendencies;" Dickens is not entirely free from the taint; while Shakespeare, of course, simply reeks with grossness, and Molière is as impossible as were Homer and Horace and Vergil. So, where are we at? Indeed, we are not quite sure of the Rollo books, or of the works of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, and of the late E. P. Roe. It may be that they too have come under the awful ban. Seriously speaking, when the work of discrimination has begun, where is one to stop? The same arguments that are used against *Tom Jones* or *La Cousine Bette* or *Tartuffe* may be used equally as well against Thackeray's *Pendennis*, which we know was received in certain circles with a good deal of hostility, or Dickens's *Oliver Twist*, or Sir Water Scott's *Ivanhoe*, or Mr. Kipling's *The Light That Failed*. Coleridge once said that the boy who saw evil in *Tom Jones* must at heart be thoroughly bad. So far as that, however, we are not quite ready to go.

The Book Lovers' Library.

An enterprise which is attracting considerable attention is the Book Lovers' Library, which, after little more than a year of life, seems to have every chance of continued popularity and success. When this library was founded in March, 1900, there were many who looked upon the scheme as little short of visionary. Some people said that it could not be done and that the attempt would end sooner or later in financial ruin. As to that, of course we cannot say; but we can say that now the Book Lovers' Library has fully equipped libraries in operation in New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Washington, Brooklyn, and Newark, as well as in its original home in Philadelphia; and that the promoters of the enterprise announce that very soon libraries will be opened in Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Louisville, Detroit, New Orleans, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, and Providence. In a word, it is the purpose of the management to extend, when it will be feasible, the service to every city and town in the United States. For the information of those of our readers who are not already acquainted with the work of this organisation, we shall say that it aims to supply the newest books to its subscribers in the manner most convenient to them. It delivers and collects the books at the members' residences, and there is no waiting until some member returns a book, as the Library buys to meet the demand, no matter how many copies may be needed.

Sir Edwin Arnold is now totally blind, though there are hopes that his sight may be partially restored. His vigour of mind continues, and he is still able to do literary work.

The French dramatic version of *Quo Vadis* has attained a remarkable success with the Parisian public. The French

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

version was made by M. Jean Coquelin, the son of the great actor.

The *Sun* of this city, which always makes a point of venting its sarcasm upon any one who gets a proper name ever so slightly twisted, mentioned not long ago in its editorial columns the well-known exponent of woman's rights as "Lillian Devereaux Blake." We suppose that if the *Sun* were to speak of the author of *The Expatriates,* he would call her Lillie Currer Bell.

We have received several letters written by subscribers from the South defending Mr. Hopkinson Smith for assuming, as he does, that Mrs. Stowe, in composing *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* was stirred by a feeling of animosity toward the Southern people. To this we think that the best reply is to be found in the fact, which was pointed out some years ago by a Southern writer in a Southern magazine, that the two villains of Mrs. Stowe's famous story—Haley and Legree—are described by her as men of Northern birth and antecedents, while all the attractive personages are Southern. We commend the consideration of this fact to Mr. Hopkinson Smith himself.

This is the true story of how M. Rostand came to write *L'Aiglon.* One morning, after attending a rehearsal of *Cyrano,* he and M. Coquelin went out together for breakfast. As they walked along M. Rostand observed, "I have written this part for you, but it is not the last one by any means that I shall write for you. I wish that you would tell me just what sort of a part you would really like. Have you anything particular in mind?" "Yes," replied Coquelin; "I have always thought that I should like to represent a *vieux grognard del'Empire.*" "Well," said Rostand, "so you shall." Nothing more was said about it for a long time; but Rostand did not forget, and out of this casual conversation sprang *L'Aiglon,* a play which must therefore be regarded as having in reality been written around the comparatively unimportant character of Flambeau. The incident is rather instructive in its way, since it shows from what slight suggestions creative genius can derive a splendid inspiration. It is interesting to recall the fact that although the part of Flambeau was written especially for M. Coquelin, he has never yet acted it in France, but will do so immediately after returning from his American tour.

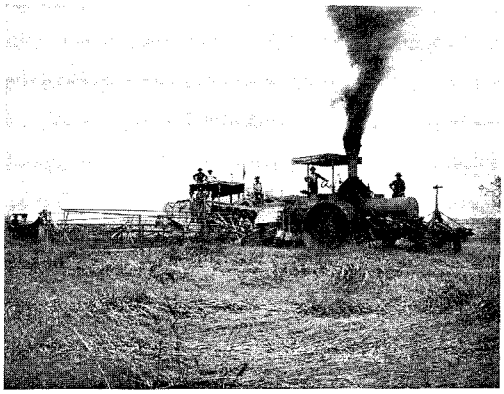
The Trilogy of Wheat.

We reproduce in these pages two views of the wheat region in the San Joachin Valley, California, the scene of Frank Norris's new novel, *The Octopus.* The book itself, the first of the long-promised trilogy of American Wheat, is reviewed at some length elsewhere in this issue, but it offers such an excellent text for a discussion of symbolism in fiction that we feel inclined to write a few words of our own in addition. Mr. Norris's indebtedness to Zola has often been made the subject of comment. Not merely has his literary creed been obviously based upon the author of the Rougon-Macquart, but even his style, the very swing of his sentences, the manner in which he marshals his adjectives, gaining a sort of cumulative emphasis from groups of ponderous synonyms, frankly show the influence of Zola. Yet nowhere has this influence been so marked as in *The Octopus,* and nowhere has it been so little to his advantage. And this is because it is the influence of Zola the symbolist, the author of *Paris* and of *Fécondité,* rather than the old-time Zola of *Nana* and of *L'Assommoir.*

Of course symbolism is not a new tenet in Zola's literary creed. In every volume of the Rougon-Macquart series there is some central idea, some one symbol which is dwelt upon and emphasised until it haunts the reader like an obsession; some vast personification: the Bourse in *L'Argent,* the Halles in *Le Ventre de Paris,* the railroad in *La Bête Humaine;* it is an effect which Mr. Norris himself reproduced with some success, with the symbol of gold constantly recurring, in the pages of *McTeague.* But in *Paris,* Zola went a step farther, and attempted to symbolise not merely one phase of Parisian life, but the whole motley, complex life of the capital. Each phase of life is represented in that book by a single character, and the plot is ar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ranged with great ingenuity, so that the paths of all these characters, many of them so remote one from another, touch and cross and coincide at intervals, sufficiently at least for the purposes of a sustained story. Undoubtedly *Paris* was in many ways a remarkable *tour de force;* at least it probably carried this sort of symbolism, this attempt to epitomise the life of a nation within the limits of a single volume, as far as it is likely to be carried. And yet it left a great deal to be desired. Taking them character for character, the personages in *Paris* do not approach in human interest those of Zola's earlier volumes of *Pot-Bouille* or *Germinal;* and this is because they are generalised, because they stand for types and not merely for individuals. Tolstoi, in *Resurrection*, without attempting anything half so ambitious, has come far nearer to succes, because in the vast army of characters whom he introduces, and who cover the whole field of Russian life, there are no general types; each and every one of them is a separate human being, sharply differentiated from the rest, and even those who come upon the scene for a moment only and then pass on not to reappear again, leave with us the desire to know something further of their lives. In *The Octopus* Mr. Norris has obviously taken *Paris* rather than *Resurrection* for his model; but he has not had the advantage of Zola's experience of twenty-two years' study of national life. We feel safe in suggesting that if *The Octopus* had been the final summing up of a series of twenty volumes chronicling the history of an American Rougon-Macquart family, it would have come considerably nearer than it does to being a candidate for the title of Great American Novel.



COMBINED HEADER WITH TRACTION ENGINE AND THRESHER. IN USE OFF THE FAIR ESTATE. —"THE OCTOPUS."

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SAN JUAN, BAUTISTA—THE WHEAT COUNTRY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

A theatrical performance which would lead a person addicted to seasickness not only to go to the theatre on the night preceding an ocean voyage, but to sit up after the play writing about it, must have a value somewhat greater than is possessed by the pieces usually offered by the New York temples of dramatic art. If Goethe's *Faust* has ever been given in this country with any approach to faithfulness, it must have been a good while ago; and that fact alone, for persons who are interested in seeing the greatest dramatic literature on the stage, would make a certain two evenings at the Irving Place theatre of an importance which "entertainments" in this country seldom have. On one night the scenes up to the witch's kitchen were played, and on another night the remaining scenes of the first part were given. As this, the greatest single work of literary genius in over two centuries, is cast in the dramatic form, it is a most suggestive and nutritive experience to see it on the stage, the more valuable the more thoroughly one knows the book. Goethe was the unusual combination of a profound philosopher and a thorough artist, and hence he was able to do, what is so seldom done, make pure thought dramatic. To see *Faust* not turned into a spectacle, as it is in the Wills version, for instance, used by Sir Henry Irving, but as a stately intellectual tragedy, is to be deeply impressed with the enormous mental scope of the man who could write lyrics which are full of feeling and no thought, and at the same time produce a drama in which the philosophy is so deep and yet is so human that it has all the essentials of an acting play. Although the performance left many things to be desired, everybody was at least competent in the ordinary requisites of an actor, and all were familiar with the delivery of verse on the stage, so that there was a fair opportunity to see what the poem gained and what it lost by being realised to the eye. There was no loss whatever. The lines, being clearly and rhythmically delivered, had all the potency which they could have in a reader's own room, and while one or two scenes gained nothing, even they might have gained had Faust been acted with more emotion and Mephistopheles with more of the quality of Goethe's devil. The majority of the scenes were helped notably. To see the old man in his study was to add something to the feeling which his mere words give us; and still more was gained in such a scene as that in Auerbach's cellar, which, acted with charming unction by several members of the company, had a volume of animal spirits rarely seen, and perhaps with equal rarity felt by any mere reader. The Faust of Carl Emmerich was the performance of a well-trained actor without deep inspiration. The outside shell of the character was accurately portrayed; but the intense weariness, the passionate despair of comprehension, were entirely lacking. The Mephistopheles of Franz Kierchener, instead of the gay, bitter, trivial, and clever devil of the poet, was slow, kindly and heavy, which weighted many

MISS ADA MERITO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MISS CROSMAN AS NELL GWYN.

of the scenes. The satisfactory general impression, however, was a tribute to the importance of a high level in the general cast and of traditions which force the actors to play as one body. We might guess that the effect would have been much more powerful with the two leading parts more happily cast; but of one thing those who saw the play could be certain, and that was that it would be a fairer world for regular theatregoers if masterpieces played more of a part on our stage, and if the actors were trained to perform them.

On the first evening the only omissions were the prologue in heaven and the choruses, and on the second the choruses and the Brocken scene. The Marguerite tragedy seemed to me far less distinguished and elevated than the preceding part, as it does in reading. Ada Merito's Gretchen was sweet and true through the song, *mein ruh' ist hin*; but after that change, she took away from the tone and poetry of the whole by over-acting. I enjoyed seeing the great intellectual epic so much, however, that defects wil soon grow dim, leaving only a renewed sense that the theatre *might* mean something in life.

English literature was also represented by one performance of the month. In giving the *Knight of the Burning Pestle* Mr. Franklin Sargent added another to his list of worthy achievements. It was a bold thing to do, for, of course, the bombast satirised by Beaumont and Fletcher, the chivalry, and the habit of allowing the illusion to be broken by interference from the spectators, which were among the faults of the Elizabethan stage, no longer exist, and a modern audience might be expected wholly to miss the fun of the comedy. Instead of that, however, those who saw it were kept in constant laughter, partly by the oddity of the performance, but also partly by the genuine comic power of the playwrights. It seemed to show that our own farces might mean something, and still be successful, if we had any writers

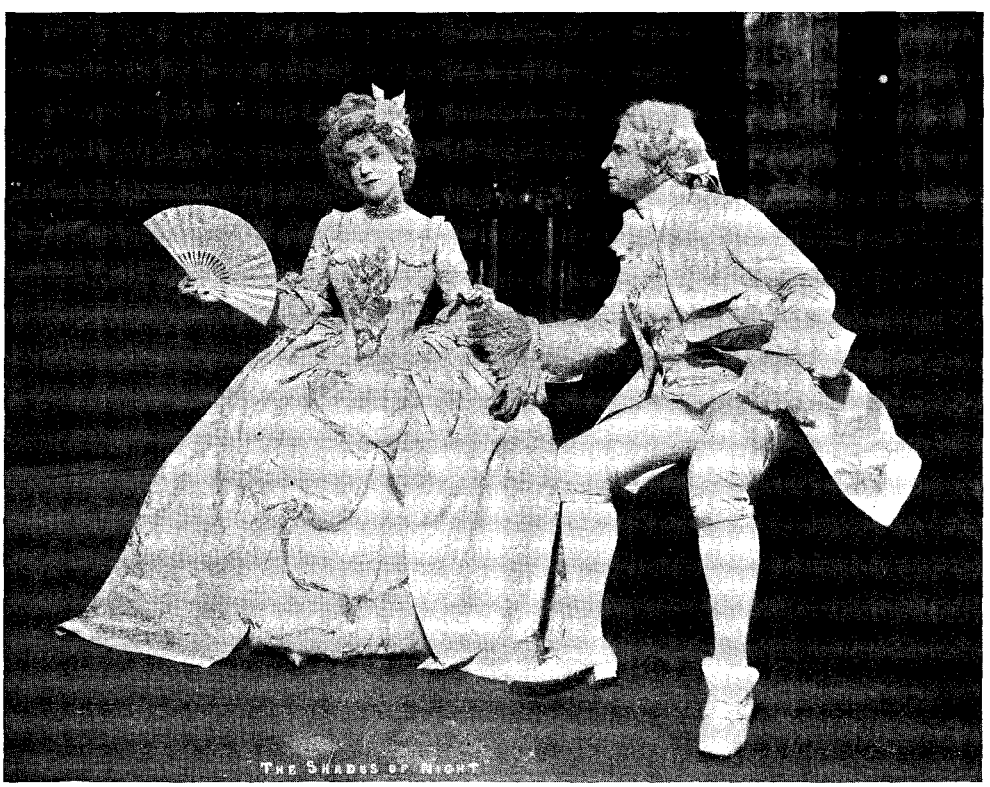
GEORGE C. HAZELTINE, THE AUTHOR OF "MISTRESS NELL."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

capable of putting art and intelligence together. A faithful picture was given, as far as possible, of the audience of the time, as well as of the play, and the students carried out their part of the work satisfactorily. In marked contrast to the Beaumont and Fletcher play given last, this comedy was prepared for acting with such judgment that what shortening was done was no detriment, and there were no alterations. The result ought to encourage Mr. Sargent, who is one of the few men in New York who seem to care to offer something to the class of theatregoers who have the interests of educated people.

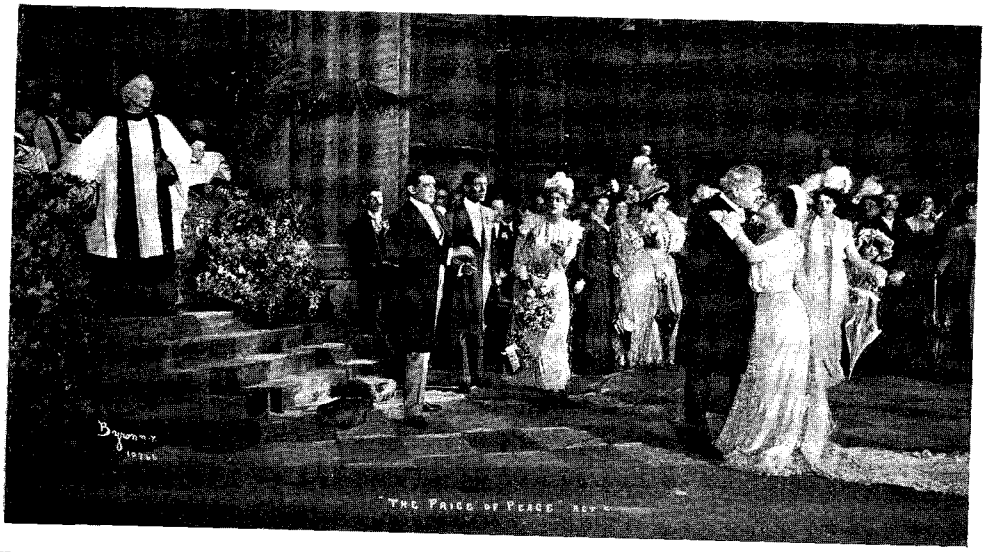
The dramatised novel came in for another heavy fall during the month. *Manon Lescaut* was put on at Wallack's Theatre by Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, and was so hopelessly bad that it ended its engagement and its career in less than two weeks. What is interesting in this event lies somewhat under the surface. *Manon* has been in the air for some time, and at least four versions of it have been in the possession of prominent managers. One of these was made by Edith Wharton, and is the best drama, both from the literary and theatrical point of view, among the unacted American plays which I have read. The first American manager to whom it was shown accepted it immediately and kept it several months, when his star demanded that Manon be made moral, and he himself asked for a "strong" penultimate act. Mrs. Wharton, not having her reputation for sale, simply withdrew the play. As soon as this course was taken another version of *Manon* was rushed to immediate production, under the nominal management of a different man, but with the same group of managers really interested. Theodore Burt Sayre, an employé of this group of artists, turned out a drama exactly according to their ideas. Manon was made almost too holy for this world; and the third act, which was the next to the last, the one always chosen for the circus, contained a duel, a murder by Manon, several stage tricks, and two attempts at rape.

The utter failure of this wretched



"THE SHADES OF NIGHT." AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE. E. M. HOLLAND AND ELSIE DE WOLFE.

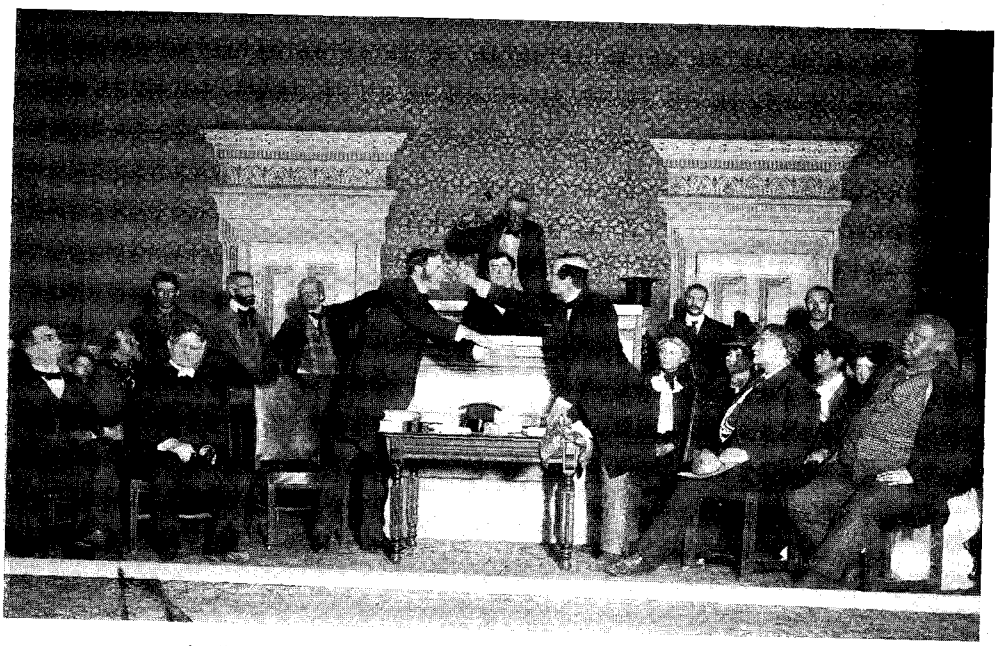
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE WEDDING SCENE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. "THE PRICE OF PEACE." AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE.

parody of one of the world's masterpieces, following as it did the refusal to use a play which even the managers could see was dramatic, as well as worthy of the novel in its literary quality, might possibly be supposed to teach them something; but it would be a rash hope that should rest on any change in their ideas.

The future must be improved in the theatre, not by any conversion of existing worthies, but by the increasing power of younger managers who shall represent more the state of enlightenment and refinement in artistic matters to which we are coming, rather than that which we are leaving. I am informed on what seems unmistakable evidence, that one



HOYT'S "A TEMPERANCE TOWN." AT THE MURRAY HILL THEATRE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the men interested in the Sayre *Manon* announced at the dress rehearsal that it would run two years; and this man is the most influential manager in America. His race is run, however, and the future will not belong either to him or to his lieutenants. One of their absurd but possibly profitable principles is to endorse their own plays. Mr. Frohman does it regularly with those failures which not even the *Herald* will praise, and uses the wildest superlatives he can find. The manager of Wallack's has followed suit thus:

Manon Lescaut was greeted by a typical Wallack's Theatre audience with as much enthusiasm as I have witnessed in my thirty years of management. Twenty-one curtain calls signify success.—*Theo. Moss.*

Does the public really respond to such idiotic tricks? Mr. Munsey writes up his own magazine on the cover; but his eulogies are more entertaining than those of Mr. Frohman, who has no literary instinct.

Among the many admirable things done at the Murray Hill Theatre, a place well up in the list is held by *A Temperance Town.* No writer whom we have ever had has represented this country with more fairness, spontaneity and native flavour than Charles H. Hoyt. He descended much of the time to buffoonery, but, in spite of that, he put something into his plays which can be thoroughly enjoyed by the most particular as well as by the least squeamish of theatregoers. The Murray Hill has given two of his comedies this year, *A Midnight Bell* and *A Temperance Town,* both infinitely above the fashionable plays of the day. As a person interested in satirical studies of our life. I would much rather have missed every American comedy produced this season on Broadway and its vicinity than to have lost this one play, revived, well acted, and seen by hundreds of people, at a cost of twenty-five cents for an orchestra seat. Our other stock company theatre, the American, does no good, as it runs almost wholly to melodrama, although it was interesting to see *The Banker's Daughter* there recently, and to realise how well Mr. Bronson Howard knows the stage, but how little literature there is in him, and how thoroughly fashion can leave him behind. The Murray Hill Theatre, on the other hand, is better in its influence than any other English theatre in New York; and more and more persons who take an intelligent interest in the drama are acquiring the habit of going there.

Norman Hapgood.

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE

In the decade which filled the middle of the last century, a number of writers whose names have long been familiar won, by the publication of one novel, of a sudden a fame that was more or less enduring. Thackeray led the list with *Vanity Fair,* and Charlotte Brontë followed soon after with *Jane Eyre.* In 1850 Charlotte Yonge's most important book—*The Heir of Redcliffe*—appeared. A little later *John Halifax* achieved as sudden and brilliant a reputation, while Anthony Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant came before the public with books that are still read and liked. *Scenes from Clerical Life* and *Richard Feverel* were not far behind; and time, which reverses so many verdicts, has placed this last book at length very high on the list. It has not been Miss Yonge's good fortune to hold in all respects the place she made her own so early in life, but it has been and still remains her distinction to have been, among English novelists, the exponent of a movement that changed to a great extent the life of the common people.

George Eliot in her earlier books had not passed beyond its influence, Charlotte Brontë rebuked some of its phases with fine satire, Thackeray's cynical temper remained untouched by the main currents of an influence that furnished Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant with material for much realistic study. Meredith, whose genius is of the heights, seems

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scarcely to have heard the murmur of its wave; but Miss Yonge was in it and of it. She came of a line of churchmen on both sides. Her maternal grandfather had been a vicar in Hertfordshire, while her father's father held the living of Cornwall-in-Devon. The Yonges were all, whether laymen or clergy, of the ecclesiastical cult, and Charlotte, by temperament and training, was true to the traditions of her race.

Long before she was born (in 1823) the forces were at work which culminated later on in the Oxford movement. All over England the small country churches were falling to pieces. Hannah More's statement that in the parish of Cheddar she found but one Bible, and "that was used to prop a flower-pot," expressed a truth that had not been outlived. Miss Yonge has left on record a vivid account of the state of things that prevailed when Keble was made vicar of the two parishes of Hursley and Otterbourne. Even those who believed the Established Church to be deadening to the life of ideas saw that with its decay apathy and ignorance were on the increase.

In the upheaval which followed the long stagnation, Hursley and its neighbourhood became a stronghold of sanity and resistance to the reactionary spirit that was driving so many fine souls, like Newman and Clough, by widely different roads away from its communion altogether.

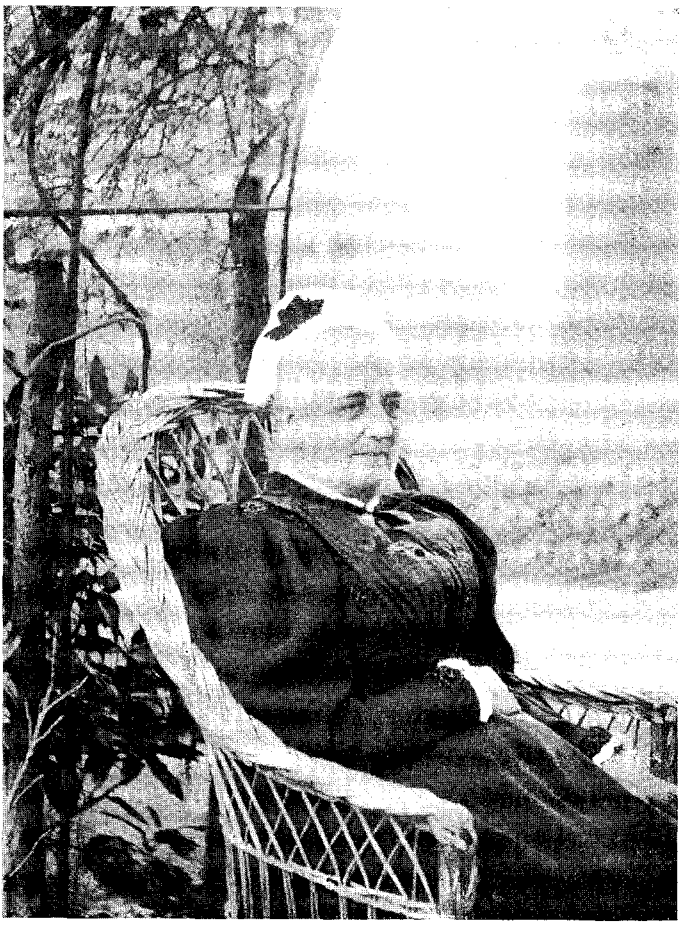
Along with the growing sense of the importance of sacrament and symbol in the evolution of a religious faith, went a wider philanthropy and a strict belief in the strenuousness of obligation as between the rich and the poor. If Keble became the poet of the new order of things, Miss Yonge became, indirectly at least, the most faithful historian. In no other books of the period can be found such graphic and charming pictures of that side of English life which, both in religious and secular matters, was most faithful to the new ideals. She was the spokeswoman of an established order, in which she wholly believed and threw the whole force of her strong nature into the furthering of that forward movement in the Anglican Church which was the final outcome of the Tractarian controversy.

If among those who knew her there are many who wished that she might have studied human nature in relations that were more universal, and who believe that a touch of that scepticism which in Miss Austen we call humour would have saved her to higher literary ends—the fact remains that neither of these things would have been likely to make her influence in her own day and generation greater than it was.

Her fame has, undoubtedly, suffered from an excess of production—an excess which has left a great part of her work stranded as wanting in interest and artistic quality. It is difficult to consider even a clever writer seriously who has been a prolific contributor to the several fields of biography, history and romance, and who has succeeded almost equally well in each. Once or twice only did she rise to a high level of dramatic portrayal, as in the *Heir of Redcliffe*. This, her first successful book, was followed rapidly by many others. *The Daisy Chain*, its more powerful, but less interesting sequel; *The Trial, Heartsease, The Pillars of the House, The Clever Woman of the Family* and a score of others were published in close succession; and later began that charming series of historical novels for young readers, which in their own way have never been surpassed.

During years of constant and rapid production her life to an onlooker was conspicuously devoid of varied or picturesque experience. Nearly the whole of her long life from its beginning was spent in the little village of Otterbourne, near Winchester. The region round about is full of historic interest, and in summer of abounding charm. The road thither winds through a broken and hilly country, dipping now and then into a green valley or climbing long slopes, flecked at intervals with dark green yews. On one side are the austere lines of the downs, on the other stretch fragrant meadows, with occasional groups of low-thatched cottages, that seem long ago to have sent forth groundward shoots and taken root in the soil. A slight detour takes us through Hursley and the little hamlet of Pit, where, through Miss Yonge's efforts, a church and school have been established. Perhaps this is the church whose corner-stone we saw laid with such breathless interest in *The*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

Daisy Chain. The church at Hursley we know was rebuilt mainly with the profits of *The Christian Year*; and in the embowered garden which surrounds one of the most charming vicarages in England Newman said good-by to Keble for the last time. The neighbourhood is not without association that might have been missed elsewhere. The small house at Otterbourne has opened its doors to many notable people, Keble's friends and her own. At any rate, it was the environment that made the enormous output of her life possible. For Miss Yonge has written about one hundred and twenty books. She herself could hardly have told how many. A large number were written to point a passing moral, and others as a sort of pædagogical stop-gap to the demands of the parochial Sunday-school and library; but in the midst of this mass of work, more or less unilluminated by any real inspiration, certain truer and finer things shaped themselves in her imagination, in which her unquestionable gifts found their best expression.

For many years the routine of writing was varied by daily teaching in the village school and visiting among the poor and sick of the neighbourhood. A change of work was a rest, even when it meant the putting aside of one novel for a time and taking up another. This habit may account for the continual reappearance in her books of characters to whom we had thought to say good-by. Readers of an older generation who followed the fortunes of the May family through successive volumes never felt that they could see too much of them. The modern girl, who looks into life more closely, has lost the open sesame to these pages. She has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no regrets that so nice a girl as Ethel does not wear her clothes as a lady born should do, nor is she interested when Norman's missionary and matrimonial plans come to a head together. She would not dream of shedding floods of tears over Guy Morville's early death or Amy's desolate widowhood. Are there any books, for that matter, that one does cry over nowadays? Is it that the pathos is too obviously claptrap and the scenes shifted for effect? Are Miss Yonge's characters too well bred for the up-to-date reader? Have honour and gentleness and courtesy—the habit of sweet family affection, of mutual helpfulness—the small daily graces of renunciation, grown old-fashioned in books? There are no real villains in her stories—this is undoubtedly a loss. If there are any that seem unpromising in the beginning, they speedily develop qualities meet for repentance. Neither do her best characters receive the lion's share of good fortune. We half suspect sometimes that behind her Anglican prejudices lurked an embryonic rationalist. In her pages a watchful Providence raps the devout man over the knuckles and reminds him wherein he has failed. She was not far behind Huxley in her recognition of the fact that law does not excuse or condone. Dr. May's habit of reckless driving bore fruit as certainly in the death of his wife and daughter Margaret as though he had not been the most devoted husband and kindest of fathers. The rigorous experience which taught courage was never to be lamented. Ethel May, putting love aside, and with it riches and great honour, that she may be true to the task which is nearest, is but one of the many instances in which Miss Yonge emphasises the fact that happiness must sometimes be found in "doing without."

In spite of her excessive shyness, even a casual acquaintance would have been impressed with the directness and force of her character. Her eyes had a quick, responsive flash when anything moved her, and she was so full of eager human sympathy that a more intimate knowledge but deepened the impression that she herself was greater than anything that she had done, and that she had missed by just too much or too little, among the influences that shaped her life, the chance of writing her name among the immortals.

Mary K. Seeger.

THE NIGHT

This is the monster, the Night,
  Shambling out of the deep,
  Breathing a vapour of sleep
To cover the deeds that the light
Shudders to name. What is Right?
What is Truth? Who am I in the night?

This is the Calaban, Night,
  Flung, like an unclean thing,
  On the world made sweet with the spring,
On the world grown dear to the sight.
Hawks on the carrion alight.
What are bloodstains and bones in the night?

This is the Circe, the Night,
  Dark-robed, with jewels in her hair.
  May a vampire's body lie bare?
Can a vampire's body be white?
God, who made darkness and light!
Can there be other hell than the night?

Zona Gale.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONCERNING "SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT"

It is now eight years ago since *Ships that Pass in the Night* was published by Messrs. Lawrence and Buullen. I am reminded of that fact chiefly because I have been looking at the MS. of it, previous to sending it by request to the Glasgow Exhibition. It has struck me that perhaps a few details about its publication might be interesting, both to readers and authors. It was sent to Messrs. Blackwood and refused, chiefly because its tone was thought to be too sad, and because, therefore, it would be unlikely to win popularity. If it had been in three volumes, Messrs. Blackwood said they would have published it. I was, of course, disappointed by this verdict, but after a few days of depression I recovered myself and took the book to Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. They sent a prompt answer. They offered to buy the copyright for twenty guineas, and said that if the book was a success, they would send a further sum. Being inexperienced and not having any one to advise me, I accepted, not because I wanted ready money, but because I did not want any delay about the publication, and Lawrence and Bullen offered to publish at once. It never occcurred to me to apply to the Authors' Society, for I was not an author, but only a beginner, and therefore unproven; and although I had heard of Mr. A. P. Watt, I believed that only well-known and successful people were able to have the benefit of his advice and help. So I did not even give him thought. By St. Patrick—this being his day—I wish I had! For now I know that any untried writer, with careful work, may go to Mr. Watt and be sure of receiving a courteous hearing. As for the book itself, I had not the least idea that it would be likely to command any attention. I hoped that it would meet with a few sympathetic readers, give the publishers a fair return for their investment, win a few favourable criticisms, and thus enhance my position among editors of magazines and encourage me to work my way onward and upward. More than this I did not hope for.

However, what happened was this. The book leapt from edition to edition. The publishers sent me four extra cheques of twenty guineas each, making thus one hundred guineas in all. Also, I wrote to Baron Tauchnitz, having a letter of introduction to him from Miss D'Esterre Keeling, and he agreed to give forty pounds for the book. The publishers took twenty of this, and gave the other twenty to me. So I have had £125 in England for *Ships*, or rather, I should say, £105 in England and £20 in Germany.

In America, as I had no copyright, the book was pirated everywhere. But one firm, Messrs. Putnam, issued what was called an authorised edition, and gave me £5 for writing the preface, and £25 as courtesy fee. So that in America I have had £30. It is impossible to say how many thousands of copies have been sold in America. I have seen it in every variety: from five cents a copy up to a dollar a copy. One firm alone is said to have sold 60,000 copies. People who know something about these matters have told me that half a million copies is a modest statement. In England I have had no means of judging about the figures until just recently, when the book has practically come back into my own possession, by the kind negotiations of my friend Mr. A. P. Watt, and the gratifying collaboration of my friend Mr. William Blackwood. Mr. Watt felt that I would enjoy owning the copyright, and that the sales would probably justify the outlay. So Mr. Blackwood took over the twentieth edition of the book, and the sales during the first five weeks of the new arrangement were 1134 copies. This applies only to the 3s. 6d. edition. We were to have no control over or interest in the 6d. edition, which was previously sold to Messrs. Newnes. Of this, I believe, about 160,000 have already been sold.

These are the statistics, so to speak, about *Ships that Pass in the Night*. It is obvious that I did not make a fortune by it, but I have had a harvest out of it which I consider altogether priceless—a harvest of friendships and fellowships with all sorts and conditions of men and women in many parts of the world. I myself have seen the French, German, Dutch, Norwegian and Danish, Swedish, Finnish, Russian, and Hungarian translations; and I still continue to receive let-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ters from unknown friends in New Zealand, Western Australia, India, South America, Canada, and the United States; and before the war I had many letters from South Africa also.

I have written down these few details chiefly that young authors may again be cautioned against parting with their copyright. But if they do part with it, I hope that they, like myself, will have the great pleasure of getting it back again—even at the eleventh hour—after eight years of separation. And since pleasures, like sorrows, do not come "single spies, but in battalions," I have lately received copies of a new illustrated American edition of *Ships*, on which the publishers are generously paying me a royalty.

Beatrice Harraden.

BRET HARTE'S COUNTRY

The California of to-day is not the California of Bret Harte. Only the rugged mountain tops, the deserted gulches, the silvery streams and the sunshine remain. "Gone is the camp and wasted all its fire."

Four years before the famous "gold rush" of 1849 there were not over five hundred Americans in California. Four years after the "gold rush" the population of the new State was three hundred thousand, and in the interval the argonaut had become one of the heroic figures of history, and the mining camp of the "forty-niner" had found a place in literature.

San Francisco was the gateway to the mines. New towns, like Sacramento, Stockton and Marysville, were laid out in the interior valleys as bases of supplies for the mining-camps in the mountains. Speculation became rife in all the valleys. Mushroom towns appeared at every river landing and crossroad. All supplies came from the East. Prices went skyward. Saleratus sold at $15 the pound, and tobacco at $2.

The men of all nations who rushed to the gold-fields, set up their abodes in a mountain wilderness, unfenced, unclaimed and almost unexplored. They found rivers of silver, emerald valleys and beautiful flowers blossoming on slope and crag. The seekers after gold penetrated the wildest region, reaching every gulch, ravine, basin, cañon, flat, bar and bench in the mountain country.

To-day, the California mining-camps of '49 are like deserted battle-fields. Where the dance hall stood, where gold-dust ran in the streets and every man carried a pistol, are now grass-grown ruins with a few decayed cabins, wherein live aged, trembling argonauts, worn old before their time—a mere handful of survivors of a once great army. The visitor to the counties of Calaveras and Tuolumne will find a mass of boulders, where once stood "Murderer's Gulch;" a grass-covered mound the only remnant of "Poverty Bar;" while "Red Dog" and "Muletown" and "Sandy Gap" are but memories of a once strenuous, masculine life.

The writer who dug out of such virgin soil *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* gave to the world the first realistic pictures of the life in the mining-camps as he found it; and if Bret Harte had written naught else but these two brief sketches, his fame and his name in literature would have endured without a subsequent line from his versatile pen. The "scented pine" and the "roads of dusty red" are as peculiarly the touch of Bret Harte as are the characters of John Oakhurst and Colonel Starbottle. The virtuous gambler, the honourable murderer and the saintly blackguard are types not of to-day, nor of yesterday, nor of to-morrow. They once lived, but will never live again. They belong to Bret Harte and the "days of '49." And while our Bret Harte of 1901 turns out the same old tunes from his musical wonder-box, we still find delight and pleasure in lending ear, for they are to us

Bells of the past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the present
With colour of romance.

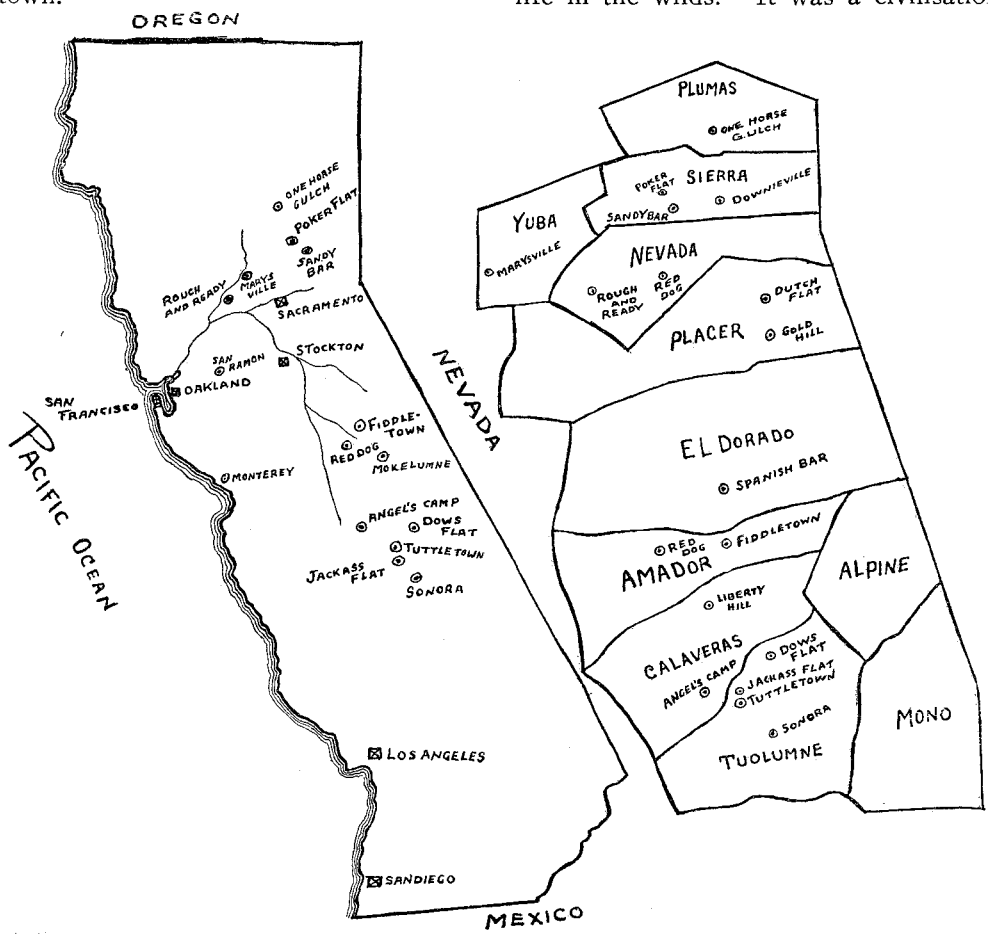
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I.

Table Mountain and the Land of "Truthful James."

In the spring of 1853 Bret Harte, then a mere boy, arrived in San Francisco from the home of his birth, Albany, New York, and a few months later found him in the gold country, his particular choice being Sonora, then the seat of Tuolumne County. It was a thriving mining centre of eighteen hundred population, and was quite sixty miles due east of Stockton. It is still a thriving town, although its population has dwindled to fourteen hundred. In the region round about were the mining-camps of Jimtown, Chinese Camp, Big Oak Flat, Shaw's Flat, Whiskey Hill, Rawhide Ranch, Yankee Hill, Moccasin Creek, Jackass Flat and Tuttletown.

"Here," Mr. Harte tells us in an interview, "I was thrown among the strangest social conditions that the latter-day world has, perhaps, seen. The setting was itself heroic. The great mountains of the Sierra Nevada lifted majestic snow-capped peaks against a sky of purest blue. Magnificent pine forests of trees, which were themselves enormous, gave to the landscape a sense of largeness and greatness. It was a land of rugged cañons, sharp declivities and magnificent distances. Amid rushing waters and wild-wood freedom an army of strong men in red shirts and top-boots were feverishly in search of the buried gold of earth. Nobody shaved; and hair, mustaches and beards were untouched by shears or razor. Weaklings and old men were unknown. It took a stout heart and a strong frame to dare the venture and battle for life in the wilds. It was a civilisation



STATE MAP. COUNTY MAP.

MAP SHOWING BRET HARTE'S CALIFORNIA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

composed entirely of young men; for on one occasion, I remember, an elderly man —he was fifty, perhaps, but he had a grey beard—was pointed out as a curiosity. and men turned in the street to look at him as they would have looked at any other unfamiliar object. These men, generally speaking, were highly civilised, many of them being cultured and professionally trained. They were in strange and strong contrast with their surroundings, for all the trammels and conventionalities of settled civilisation had been left thousands of miles behind. It was a land of perfect freedom, limited only by the instinct and the habit of law which prevailed in the mass. All its forms were original, rude and picturesque."

Table Mountain and "Truthful James," two products of Tuolumne County, have become famous through the pen of Mr. Harte, who after trying his hand at mining and working for some months as an express messenger settled down as school-teacher in Tuttletown, some miles north from Sonora.

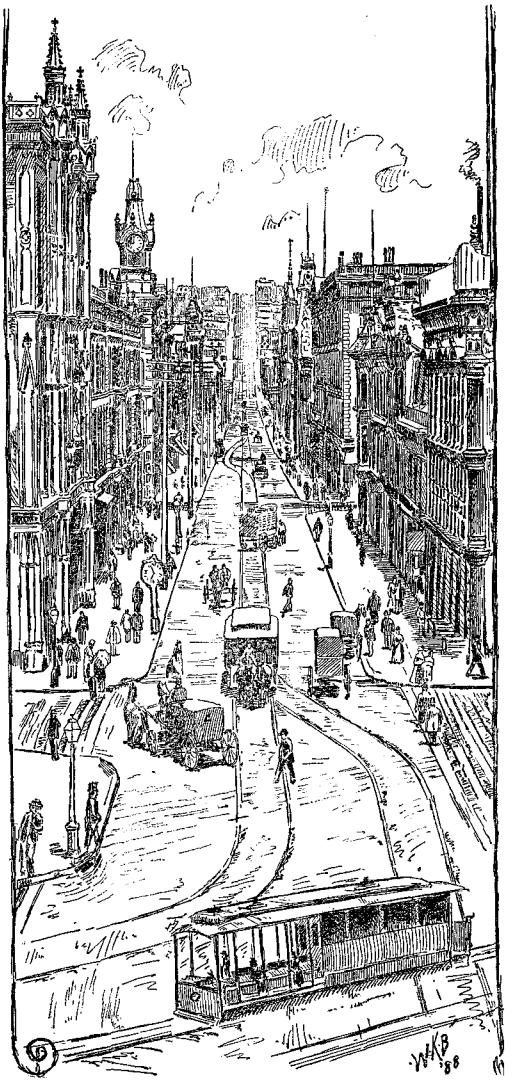
Table Mountain is a remarkable elevation, five hundred feet high, thirty miles in length and with an average width of but four hundred yards. It was evidently formed by an immense stream of lava, which was once confined between banks higher than its own surface, which banks have since been washed away, leaving the stream of lava standing like a mountain above the level of the adjacent country.

"Truthful James," who introduced himself to us long ago in those well-remembered words, "I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James," will go thundering down to ages by reason of his famous lines, beginning:

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Bret Harte, schoolmaster at Tuttletown, found "Truthful James" directly over the hill at a place called Jackass Flat, sometimes Jackass Hill. And the log-cabin home of "T. J.," whose real name is James W. Gillis, stands to-day half hidden among the trees, a poor, ill-shapen old ruin of a house, reminiscent of the days of '53. It is said that Bret Harte himself found shelter there, and Mark Twain was known to have accepted the hospitalities of "Truthful James." And Mark Twain, too, has immortalised "the Sage of Jackass Hill," another name for Gillis.

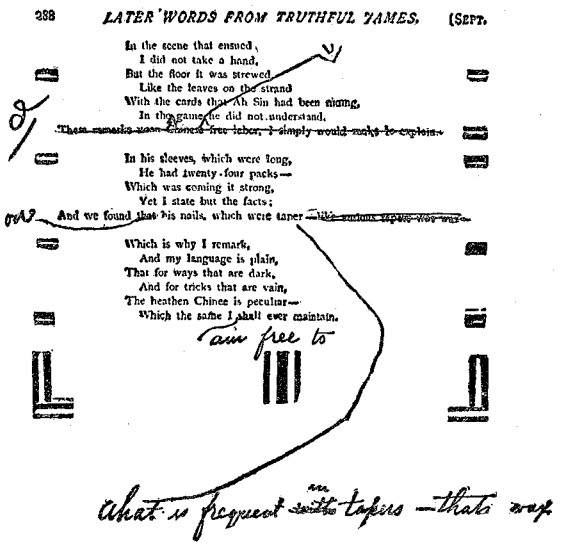
To reach Table Mountain and the home of "Truthful James" one goes by much the same route to-day as in the mining era; excepting the short distance from Stockton to Milton, the first stage of the journey can be made now by rail.



THE MONTGOMERY STREET OF TO-DAY.

"PARKER COULD LOOK ALONG THE DESERTED LENGTH OF MONTGOMERY STREET TO THE HEIGHTS OF TELEGRAPH HILL."—"THREE PARTNERS."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FACSIMILE OF A PROOF SHEET OF THE "OVEELAND MONTHLY" WITH BRET HARTE'S CORRECTIONS OF THE "HEATHEN CHINEE."
[Photographed from the original in possession of the University of California.]

An old-fashioned stage-coach will roll one from Milton to Table Mountain, a stretch of thirty-five miles, in about ten hours. Twenty miles from Milton one arrives at Copperopolis, in Calaveras County, where the stage horses are changed, and late in the day, after a four-mile ride down the grade, the Stanislaus River is reached. Here a ferryboat long enough and strong enough to accommodate the stage and four horses works its way across the stream, and we enter Tuolumne County and then—Tuttletown, where at a wayside inn the traveller is regaled with a chicken dinner. Two maiden sisters conduct the hostelry, where, it is said, chicken is served thrice daily to boarders and travellers alike.

The home of "Truthful James" stands well back from the stage road, and a few years ago I found him there "hale and hearty," a prince of good fellows and known throughout all that region simply as Jim Gillis. From the Gillis home one can look down the side of Table Mountain on the silvery Stanislaus as it foams through its rocky bed.

The divide between the Stanislaus and the Tuolumne rivers reaches a height of twenty-five hundred feet, and in the gulches and on the slopes Bret Harte found material for some of his best work. Not far away to the eastward are the sites of Poverty Bar and Brown's Flat, Shaw's Flat and Dow's Flat, of which latter Harte has told us:

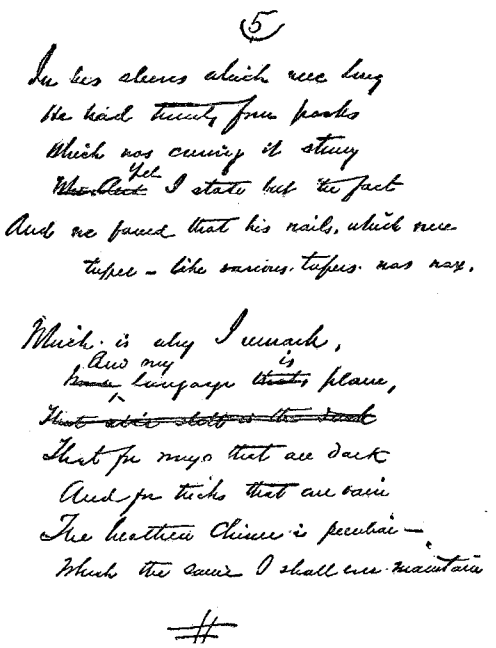
> Dow's Flat! That's the name,
> And I reckon that you
> Are a stranger? The same?
> Well, I thought it was true—
> For thar isn't a man on the river
> As can't spot the place at first view.

To-day, little save the scenery remains in the Tuolumne region to remind one of the early days. The old-time miners are gone, and the industry of gold-digging has given way somewhat to lumbering and fruit-raising. Shaw's Flat is a hamlet of a hundred souls, while Poverty Bar is but a vague memory of the past.

II.

The Camps of Calaveras.

The Stanislaus River separates Tuolumne County from the county of Calaveras, and it is not far from Tuttletown and Jackass Hill to the country made famous in Bret Harte's stories, *The Calaveras Clarion* and *The Bell Ringer of Angel's*. In Calaveras during Bret Harte's day were the mining towns of Mokelumne Hill, San Andreas, Murphy's,



FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "THE HEATHEN CHINEE."
[Photographed from the original in the possession of the University of California.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Angel's, Douglass Flat, Esperanza, Jesus Maria, Rich Gulch, Murray's Creek, Humbug, West Point and Bear Creek. There were many Mexicans and Spaniards in Calaveras in the early mining days, but these have passed away along with the argonauts. Mokelumne Hill boasted a population of fourteen hundred in 1856, and to-day has less than six hundred people within its limits. Murphy's and Jesus Maria each had one thousand residents forty-four years ago, and are now merely villages of a few hundred people, while San Andreas has grown from one thousand to eight thousand in population.

Forty years have brought remarkable changes in Calaveras County. Angel's Camp is now devoting itself to fruit-growing as well as gold-mining. Its present population is about nine hundred. New towns like Copperopolis, Milton, Rosewood, Telegraph City, Wallace and Valley Springs have reared their chimneys and church spires, while the "flats" and "bars" and "camps" of the mining era have disappeared. The railroad, too, has penetrated Calaveras from two directions, and passengers by rail now visit the famous region of the big trees.

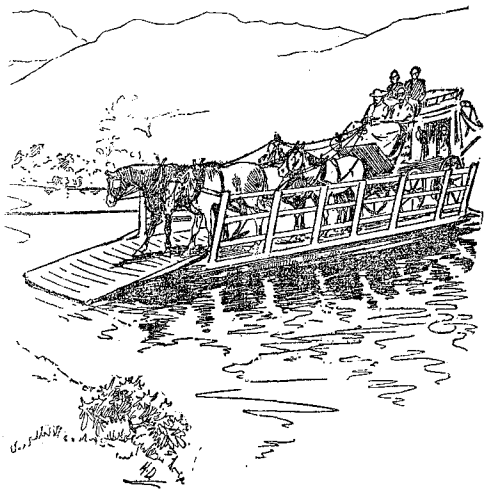
Calaveras County gave Bret Harte material for his famous verses on "The Pliocene Skull," for it was within two miles of Angel's Camp that the famous human relic of the earliest period was unearthed. We remember how the poem began:

Speak, O man, less recent! Fragmentary fossil!
Primal pioneer of pliocene formation.
Hid in the lowest drifts below the earliest stratum
Of volcanic tufa!

And likewise of the words with which the verses closed:

Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was busted,
Falling down a shaft in Calaveras County;
Now I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces
Home to old Missouri!

In his dialect poem, "The Society on the Stanislaus," Mr. Harte first introduced us to "Abner Dean of Angel's" and "Brown of Calaveras." Angel's was the short term for Angel's Camp, whose population at this moment is something



CROSSING THE STANISLAUS.

"A FERRYBOAT LONG ENOUGH AND STRONG ENOUGH TO ACCOMMODATE A STAGE AND FOUR HORSES WORKS ITS WAY ACROSS THE STREAM."

like three hundred. There is another poem by Mr. Harte, entitled "Thompson of Angel's," the Thompson of whom we have this unique pen portrait:

It is the story of Thompson—of Thompson, the hero of Angels.
Frequently drunk was Thompson, but always polite to the stranger;
Light and free was the touch of Thompson upon his revolver.

There are few things in the later works of Bret Harte more delightful and quaint than his description of the office occupied by the leading newspaper of Calaveras:

The editorial sanctum of the *Clarion* opened upon the composing-room on the one side and apparently upon the rest of Calaveras County upon the other. For, situated on the summit of a very steep hill, the pines sloped away from the editorial windows to the long valley of the South Fork and—infinity. The little wooden building had invaded nature without subduing it. It was filled night and day with the murmur of pines and their fragrance.

That famous sanctum has long since passed away, but the office of the *Calaveras Chronicle* stands to-day at Mokelumne Hill, a vivid reminder of Bret Harte's short story, "The Boom in the Calaveras Clarion."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES GILLIS.

"I RESIDE AT TABLE MOUNTAIN, AND MY NAME IS TRUTHFUL JAMES."

Not far from Mokelumne Hill the tourist will find "the rival settlement of Liberty Hill," wherein Mr. Harte places his story *The Argonauts of North Liberty.*

III.

Spanish Idyls and Dialect Verse.

The complete poetical writings of Bret Harte include *National Poems, Spanish Idyls and Legends, Poems in Dialect, Paradise* and *Miscellaneous Poems.* The *Spanish Idyls* and the *Dialect Verse* alone deal with California local incident and local colour, and come within the scope of this fragmentary paper.

Quite naturally, in taking up the Spanish phase of early California life, the poet dropped into verse over the life and character of Junipero, the patron saint of the mission Indians, and in "The Miracle of Padre Junipero" the poet recalls

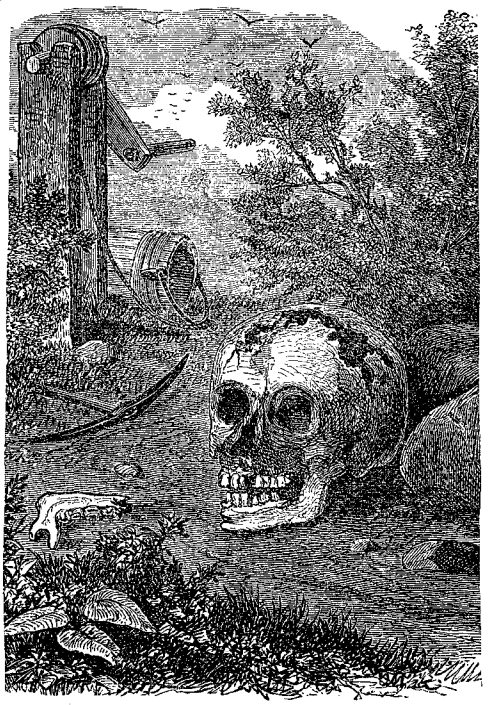
> —the tale that the Chronicle
> Tells of the wonderful miracle
> Wrought by the pious Padre Serro,
> The very reverend Junipero.

The country of Serra, which name Mr. Harte spells Serro, was in Monterey and vicinity. The old mission of San Antonio de Padua was located some twenty miles from the site of the present city of Monterey; and here also was San Carlos, the former residence of Padre Serra, who was selected in 1768 to take principal charge of the missions of California, of which he was the founder and father.

In "The Wonderful Spring of San Joaquin" Mr. Harte deals locally with numerous places now known to the present generation, for in telling his tale in verse he says:

> Such, at least, was the wondrous news
> The Padre brought into Santa Cruz:
> * * * * *
> Some from the healthful Aptos Creek
> Hastened to bring their helpless sick;
> Even the fishers of rude Soquel
> Suddenly found they were far from well;
> The brawny dwellers of San Lorenzo
> Said in fact they had never been so;
> And all were ailing—strange to say—
> From Pescadero to Monterey.

There is no fiction here, but faithful names of real localities, existing the same to-day as then; and river and mountain and seacoast town are easily recognised.

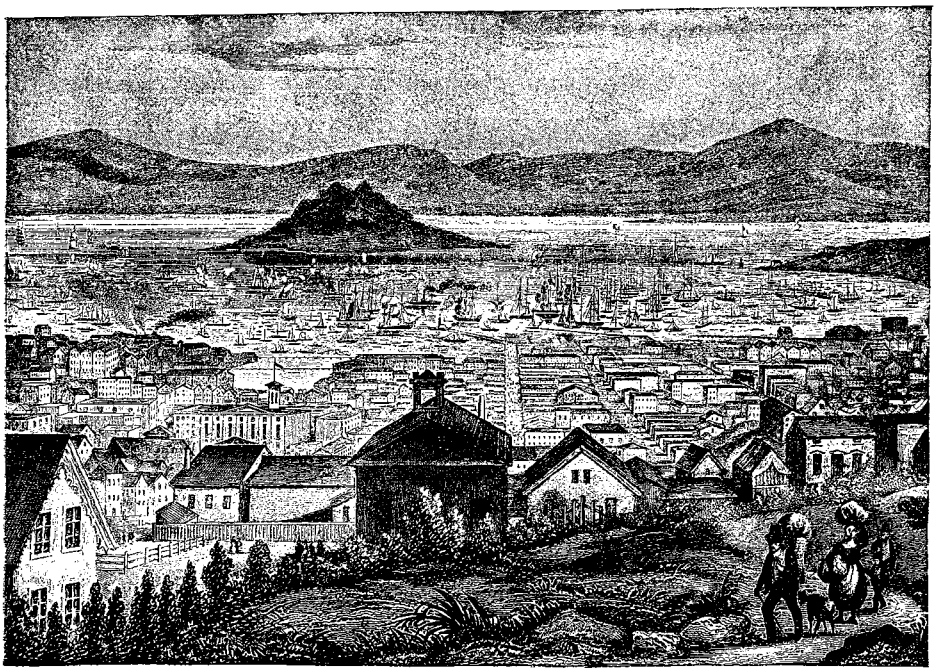


(From a California Annual, 1867.)

THE PLIOCENE SKULL.

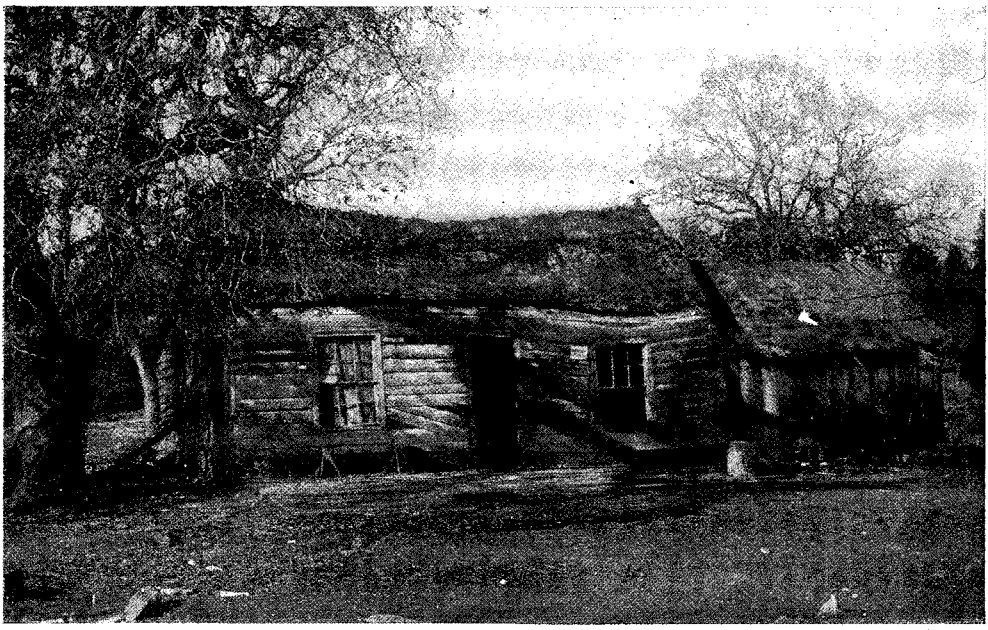
"WHICH MY NAME IS BOWERS, AND MY CRUST WAS BUSTED."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SAN FRANCISCO.
(*Early in the Mining Era*, 1850–1851.)

"THE CLIFF HOUSE AND FORT POINT DID NOT THEN EXIST."—"THE MAN AT THE SEMAPHORE."



THE HOME OF BRET HARTE'S "TRUTHFUL JAMES" ON JACKASS FLAT, TUOLUMNE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

"STANDS TO-DAY HALF HIDDEN AMONG THE TREES, A POOR, ILL-SHAPEN OLD RUIN OF A HOUSE."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VEN. PADRE JUNIPERO SERRA.

"WROUGHT BY THE PIOUS PADRE SERRO,
THE VERY REVEREND JUNIPERO."
—"THE MIRACLE OF PADRE JUNIPERO."

The famous old Mission Dolores in San Francisco is perpetuated in the poem "The Angelus," written at the mission in 1868; and is likewise touched upon in the more extensive poem "Concepcion de Arguello," a tale of the San Francisco presidio of 1800.

In that well-remembered poem "Don Diego of the South" Mr. Harte gives us a charming picture of the Mission San Gabriel, which still exists near the Los Angeles of to-day. He tells how

> As you passed through the upper town
> The Encinal where the road goes down
> To San Felipe. There one morn
> They found Diego. . . .

Another old mission, that of San Luis Rey, is described in the poem entitled "Friar Pedro's Ride," a bit of verse which tells, not without a glamour of romance, how Friar Pedro with six dragoons rode out of the mission,

> Each armed alike for either prayer or fray,
> Handcuffs and missals they had slung together;
> And as an aid the gospel truth to scatter
> Each swung a lasso—alias a riata.

Eventually came the ruin of the mission, and the empty walls and fallen spire are thus depicted:

> The mission is no more; upon its walls
> The golden lizards slip, or breathless pause,
> Still as the sunshine brokenly that falls
> Through crannied roof and spider-web of gauze;
> No more the bell its solemn warning calls—
> A holier silence thrills and overawes;
> And the sharp lights and shadows of to-day
> Outline the Mission of San Luis Rey.

Still another picture of early Spanish life is given in the poem "In the Mission Garden," a ballad of those days long gone,

> When the American came to the mission.

In Bret Harte's dialect poems there are those of the Table Mountain region, of which mention is made elsewhere; and in addition I might, did not space forbid, dwell at length upon the poems "Jim," "Chiquita," "In the Tunnel," "Cicely," "Penelope" and others. The local setting of these dialect poems is largely imaginative, however; and Simpson's Bar, Alkali Station and Rattlesnake Creek are localities in name only.

IV.

"Sandy Bar" and "Poker Flat."

Sierra County is fifty miles long from east to west and twenty miles wide from north to south. It lies in the extreme northeastern corner of the State, and the adjoining county across the line in Nevada is that of Washoe, famed in mining history.

Sierra County is four thousand feet above sea level, and in the centre is a mountain called the Yuba Butte, eight thousand eight hundred feet high. In and about this mountain region was located the "Poker Flat" and "Sandy Bar" of Bret Harte's stories, along with Downieville, Monte Cristo, Zion Hill and Cox's Bar, other mining towns of the vicinity.

The North Fork of the Yuba River runs through the centre of the county, and the North Fork figures prominently in fully a score of Bret Harte's stories. From Downieville, the Sierra County base of supplies and mining headquarters, a stage will take you over the hills to Poker Flat in a couple of hours. But

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

once reached, the former lively camp from which the "Outcasts" were sent about their business will certainly prove a disappointment.

There are to-day but six houses in Poker Flat and but one woman. I have forgotten her name, but upon my last visit there I remember her as a very large person with a very red face, who wore a short green dress, heavy boots with spurs on them, a straw hat and a paper collar. And she smoked a clay pipe incessantly.

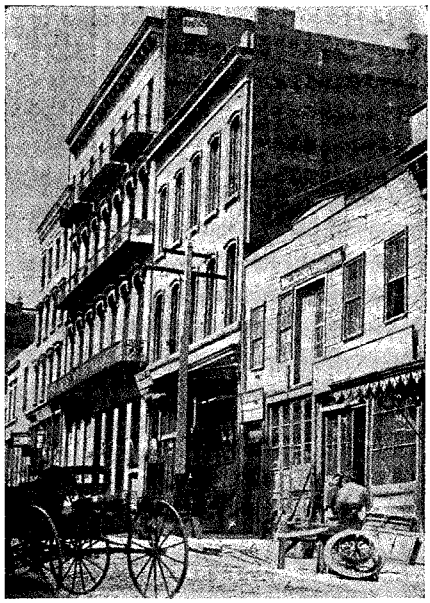
In 1852, Poker Flat produced $700,000 in gold bullion in a single month and celebrated the event with a triple hanging. Then came the public spasm of virtue which caused the John Oakhursts and the "Outcasts of Poker Flat" to depart from thence and die of cold and starvation on the snowbound road to Sandy Bar. There are no "Oakhursts" nor "Uncle Billys" in Poker Flat to-day, and when the stranger makes the slow descent and suddenly, by a sharp turn in the trail, comes upon the famous camp, he finds in that huddle of cabins little to remind him of the Poker Flat of 1852.

The famous slope presents almost a picture of utter ruin. There are but eight people living in the old town, while a hundred dead ones sleep in the cemetery. Some of the graves are marked with wooden headboards, some with stakes, but many have nothing above them. Nearly all of them were laid to rest without religious rites save a Bible reading by old Charlie Pond, who, though a professional gambler, was selected for the religious office, owing to his excellent voice and oratorical ability.

In 1853 and 1854 there were two thousand souls in Poker Flat, and fifteen stores, five hotels, three dance halls and seven gambling houses. There is but one man left to-day of that original company. He is Henry Waggoner, an old and grizzled veteran, who delights to tell how in 1856 a circus came to town and sold fifteen hundred tickets of admission at $20 each.

The author tells us in *The Outcasts* that

> The road to Sandy Bar—a camp that, not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants—lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe travel. The trail was narrow and difficult.



STACY'S GAMBLING HOUSE.

"AROUND THE CORNER FROM THAT DINGY OLD MINT."—"THREE PARTNERS."

The road is easy to find in these later days, and there are places in the trail where one can imagine the "Outcasts" camped in the snow, and where the "Duchess" and "Piney" were found locked in each other's arms, not far from the spot where John Oakhurst lay

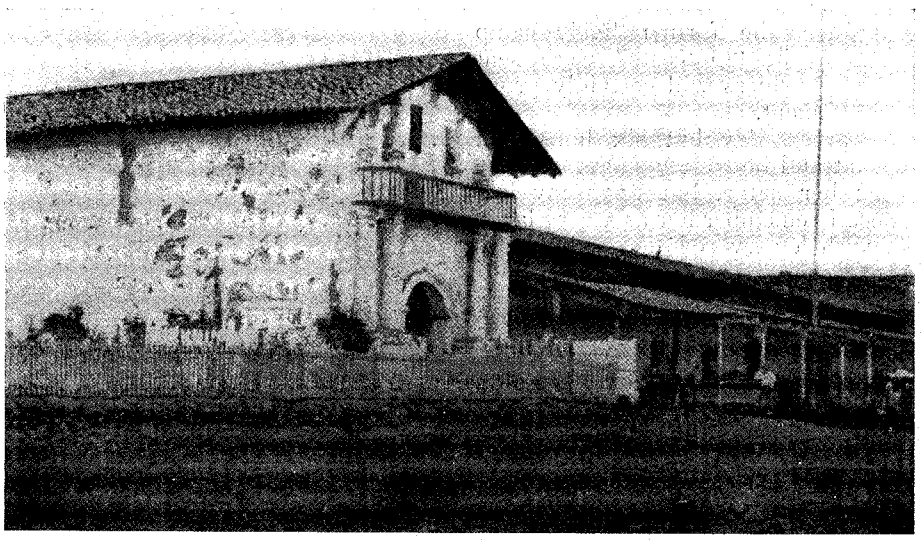
> pulseless and cold, with a Derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, . . . who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat.

In *The Two Men of Sandy Bar* and in "Tennessee's Partner" are given some delightful pictures of "Sandy Bar;" this, for instance:

> The little cañon was stifling with heated, resinous odours, and the decaying driftwood on the bar sent forth faint sickening exhalations, . . . and above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter, passionless stars.

The scenes in the story of *Miggles* and that of *M'liss* are also laid in the region about Poker Flat and Sandy Bar. Downieville, the Sierra County seat, was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



OLD MISSION DOLORES, SAN FRANCISCO.
"NOR FIERCE UNREST, NOR LUST, NOR LOW AMBITION, PASSES THOSE AIRY WALLS."—THE ANGELUS.",

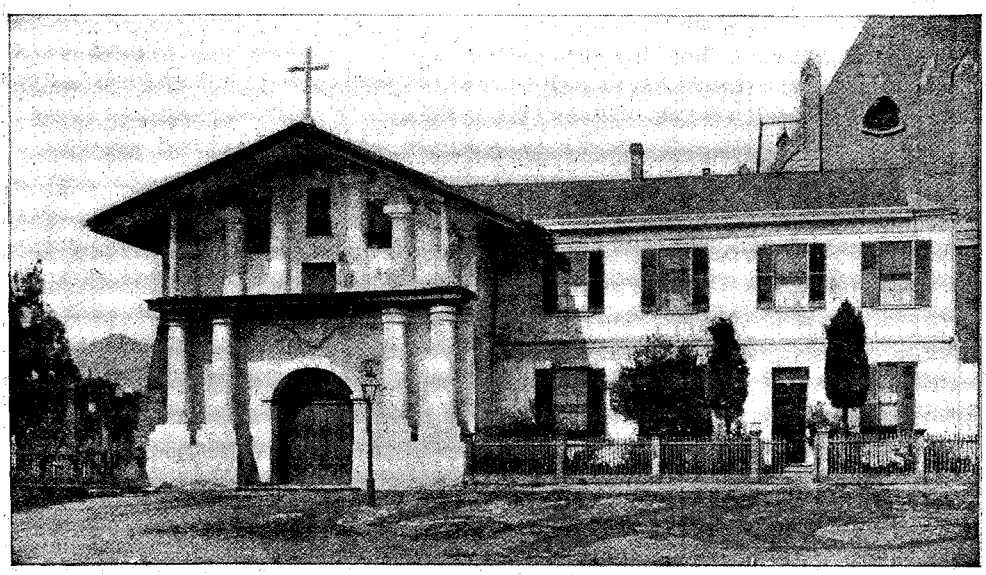
on the line of the Pioneer Stage Company, between Sacramento and Washoe County in Nevada. My impression is that the wayside home of "Miggles" was on the North Fork of the Yuba, not far from Poker Flat.

V.

"Gabriel Conroy."

In this, Mr. Harte's longest and most ambitious story, so many localities are introduced that one involuntarily exclaims, "This is a California romance not of a section, but of the whole commonwealth," for the scene is constantly changing, and from "One Horse Gulch" to San Francisco or to Marysville and back again, or to the old mission in the north or the old mission in the south, Mr. Harte shifts his scenes with the rapid dexterity of a lightning-change artist.

There is no "One Horse Gulch" to-day, nor was there such a place in the early



MISSION DOLORES, SAN FRANCISCO. ESTABLISHED 1776.
This is a present-day picture. To the left is the remaining part of the original mission.

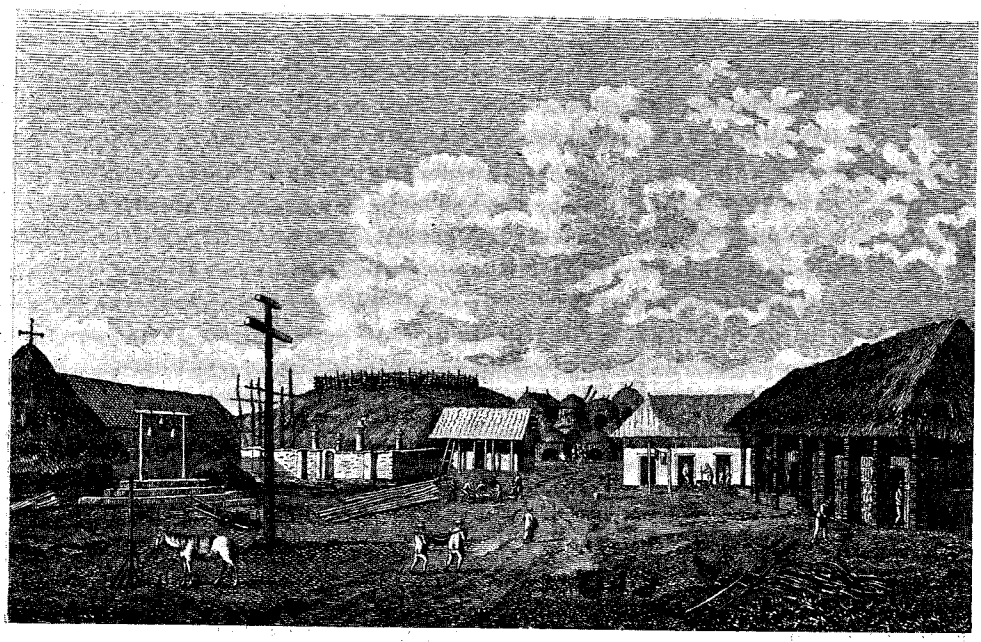
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE OLD CHURCH WAS MUCH UNCHANGED SINCE THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS."—"GABRIEL CONROY."

days; but in Plumas County are numerous towns, any one of which Mr. Harte could have utilised for the opening scenes of his dramatic novel. As is well known, and as our author himself has acknowledged, the story of the lost emigrant party doomed to perish in the snowdrifts of the Sierras is the historic tale of the ill-fated Donner party told over again in the form of fiction.

Monument Cañon, where Philip Ashley buried the box of precious documents, exists to-day a thriving settlement in Placer County, reached by stage from Emigrant Gap. But "One Horse Gulch," where the surviving emigrants lingered and made their home, lies farther northward in Plumas County, as I have previously stated, for this is in accordance with Mr. Harte's own statement on page 245, wherein he says:

The Grand Conroy House will be managed by Mrs. Markle, well known to One Horse Gulch. She will be aided by Miss Sarah Clark, who as hash slinger can walk over anything of her weight in Plumas.



THE MISSION ST. CARLOS, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Presidio of San Ramon, before whose gruff *commandante* Grace Ashley made her appearance in the ninth chapter, embraced a section of country between San Francisco and Stockton, the town of San Ramon in Contra Costa County, now a hamlet of seventy-five inhabitants, still remaining as an earnest of the original presidio. Not far away, in the adjoining county of Marin, is the village of San Geronimo, with its forty population, which was the home of Don José Bluent, who caused the rescue of the surviving Conroy emigrants.

Marysville, the bustling little city of Yuba County, figures somewhat prominently in *Gabriel Conroy*, for it was here that Mr. Victor Ramirez appeared, and we are told how he stepped briskly from the Sacramento stage-coach and inquired at the office of the Marysville Hotel for Mrs. Grace Conroy. In another chapter Mr. Harte describes the International Hotel in Marysville, but this is merely a name; for the only hotels known to the Yuba town in the early days were the United States, the Western, the Bee Hive and the Merchant's Exchange.

In the development of the story one of the best-known of Harte's characters, Mr. Jack Hamlin found himself wandering in the lower coast counties. At San Luis Rey he attended a bull fight . . . and the next day he crossed the coast range and drifted into a mission of San Antonio.

San Luis Rey is in San Diego County, and the mission "over the range" of which Bret Harte writes was that of San Antonio de Pala. Pala is not, properly speaking, a mission. It was but a branch of San Luis del Rey, founded in 1816 by the good Father Peyre, that he might be nearer the gentiles of the mountains. It consisted solely of a chapel and a few scattered corrals, the remains of which are in a splendid state of preservation to-day.

M'LISS.
From a painting by Edwin Long.

The distinguishing feature of Pala is its belfry. It stands off to the left, like a silent sentinel guarding the ruins beneath it. Suspended in it are the same bells that called the neophytes to prayer nearly a century ago. Nature, striving to adorn the beautiful relic, has planted a huge cactus on the extreme top, which, when, in bloom, presents a very interesting picture.

In Book VII. of *Gabriel Conroy* Mr. Harte bewilders us by mixing his missions most disastrously. In describing the destruction of San Antonio by earthquake, he tells us that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the following afternoon Arthur Poinsett reached San Geronimo, within fifteen miles of San Antonio.

The Mission of San Antonio de Padua was situated on the Salinas River, some twenty miles from Monterey, whereas San Geronimo, in Marin County, is northward a distance of fifty miles. Thus, with San Antonio de Pala in San Diego County and San Antonio de Padua in Monterey County, we are at a loss to discover the San Antonio of *Gabriel Conroy*. There is to-day a hamlet named San Antonio in Marin County, a few miles north of San Geronimo, and a San Antonio Creek; and with this name before him Mr. Harte may have placed his mission "fifteen miles from San Geronimo" in Marin County and "over the coast range from San Luis Rey," in San Diego County.

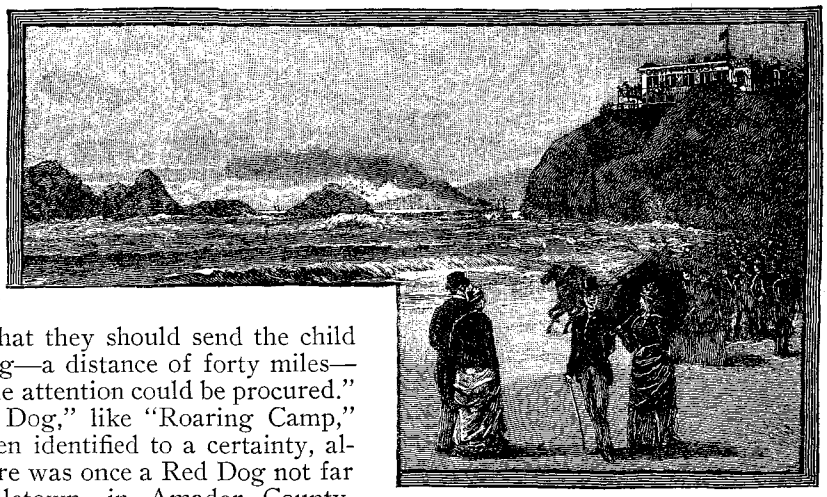
VI.

"The Luck of Roaring Camp" and Other Tales

I confess that after no small sum of labour I am unable exactly to discover Roaring Camp where the "Luck" was born. In that first, best and most renowned sketch from the pen of Bret Harte, it will be recalled that "Tipton

"THE HOLY FATHERS AT THE MISSION THAT NIGHT HEARD A LOUD CHANTING IN THE PLAZA, AS OF THE HEATHENS SINGING PSALMS THROUGH THEIR NOSES."
—"THE RIGHT EYE OF THE COMMANDER."

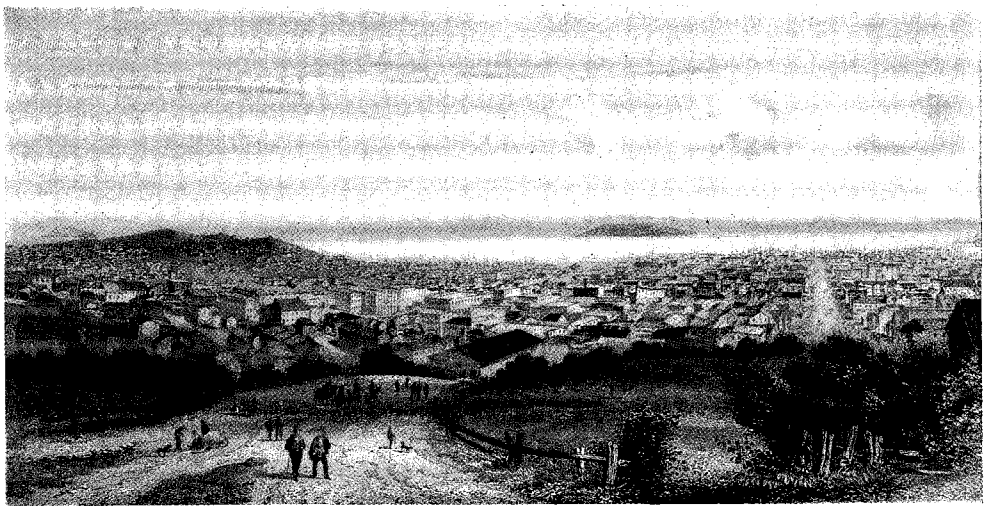
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"WHERE THE STURDY OCEAN BREEZE DRIVES THE SPRAY BY ROARING SEAS."
—"THE BALLADE OF MR. COOKE."

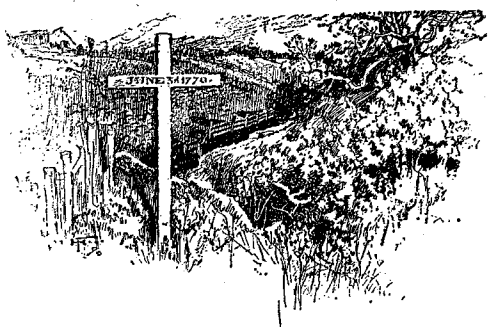
proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog—a distance of forty miles—there female attention could be procured." But "Red Dog," like "Roaring Camp," has not been identified to a certainty, although there was once a Red Dog not far from Fiddletown, in Amador County, while the Red Dog of to-day is in Nevada County, not far from Dutch Flat.

Mr. Harte tells of the flood in the North Fork that put Red Dog twice under water and forewarned "Roaring Camp." In Sierra County there is the North Fork of the Yuba, and in Amador County, not far from Fiddletown, runs the North Fork of the Mokelumne. In *Tennessee's Partner,* Red Dog is again mentioned as being not far away from Sandy Bar, while in *The Calaveras Clarion* Red Dog is situated a mile or two from Sonora in Tuolumne County. There may have been three and even four Red Dogs in California in the mining days, but I am inclined to believe the Nevada County town of that name was the real locality of Mr. Harte's stories. In that latter-day story *The Ancestors of Peter Atherly,* the opening scene of which is laid at Rough and Ready, Red Dog is mentioned as a near-by town, and the Red Dog *Sentinel* is the name given to the local newspaper of that region. There are three towns to-day bearing the name of Rough and Ready, located in Mendocino, Siskiyou and Nevada counties, respectively; and, observing the close proximity of Red Dog to Rough and Ready, as set forth in *Peter Atherly,* I am about convinced that



PANORAMA OF SAN FRANCISCO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CROSS AT MONTEREY MARKING THE LANDING PLACE OF JUNIPERO SERRA.

Bret Harte's Red Dog was in Nevada County.

The Rough and Ready of Nevada County, which was the scene of that famous story *A Millionaire of Rough and Ready,* is a mere group of cabins, about four miles distant from the town of Grass Valley. It was in this same hamlet that Mr. Harte locates his charming story of *Dick Spindler's Christmas,* in which he describes how

> the ditches were overflowed, the fords of the Fork impassable, the sluicing adrift and the trails and wagon roads to Rough and Ready knee deep in mud.

Concerning the locality of other well-known short stories and poems, a word will suffice. In "Three Partners" some of the scenes are laid at Boomtown on the Black Spur range, near Red Dog. In the same story Stacy's bank in San Francisco is described as

> "Around the corner from that dingy old mint," and from which Barker "could look along the deserted length of Montgomery Street to the heights of Telegraph Hill."

Mugginsville, which figures prominently in "The Man of No Account," is in Siskiyou County, not far from Yreka. Mugginsville to-day is a mere hamlet.

At least two of Mr. Harte's poems deal with Mariposa County. In "The Hornet's Nest" the author informs us how

> Walker of Murphy's blew a hole through Peters
> For telling him he lied;
> Then up and dusted out of South Hornitos,
> Across the Long Divide."

In the "Babes in the Wood" the vicinity of Pine Tree Mine, also in Mariposa County, is described; and in this poem we are reminded that

> Times aren't as they used to be,
> When gold was flush and the boys were frisky.

There is not much of San Francisco in Mr. Harte's stories. Outside of the few paragraphs to be found in "Three Partners" and *Gabriel Conroy,* of which I have already made mention, there is this striking bit of description in *The Man at the Semaphore:*

> The Cliff House and Fort Point did not then exist; from Black Point the curving line of shore showed only a stretch of glittering wind-swept sand-dunes.

In "The Ballad of Mr. Cooke," a legend of the Cliff House, that far-famed show-place, we are presented a glowing picture of the scene

> Where the sturdy ocean breeze
> Drives the spray of roaring seas.

Will M. Clemens.

(Drawing by Harry Fenn in the *Century Magazine.*)

"BUT PANCHA IS TWELVE, AND SHE IS THE ROSE-TREE; AND I AM THE OLIVE, AND THIS IS THE GARDEN."—"IN THE MISSION GARDEN."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HUELESS LOVE

Unto that love must we through fire attain,
  Which those two held as breath of common air;
  The hands of whom were given in bond elsewhere;
Whom Honour was untroubled to restrain.

Midway the road of our life's term they met,
  And one another knew without surprise;
  Nor cared that beauty stood in mutual eyes;
Nor at their tardy meeting nursed regret.

To them it was revealed how they had found
  The kindred nature and the needed mind;
  The mate by long conspiracy designed;
The flower to plant in sanctuary ground.

Avowed in vigilant solicitude
  For either, what most lived within each breast
  They let be seen: yet every human test
Demanding righteousness approved them good.

She leaned on a strong arm, and little feared
  Abandonment to help if heaved or sank
  Her heart at intervals while Love looked blank,
Life rosier were she but less revered.

An arm that never shook did not obscure
  Her woman's intuition of the bliss—
  Their tempter's moment o'er the black abyss,
Across the narrow plank—he could abjure.

Then came a day that clipped for him the thread,
  And their first touch of lips, as he lay cold,
  Was all of earthly in their love untold,
Beyond all earthly known to them who wed.

So has there come the gust at South-West flung
  By sudden volt on eves of freezing mist,
  When sister snowflake sister snowdrop kissed,
And one passed out, and one the bell-head hung.

George Meredith.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEVEN BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

THACKERAY'S "STRAY PAPERS."*

Here we have what in the ordinary course of things should be the final volume of Thackeray's minor pieces; and in the production of it Mr. Lewis Melville has deserved well of all students of Thackeray. He has brought together everything ignored by or unknown to Mrs. Ritchie in the editing of the biographical edition of her father's works; and he has left untouched the ground dealt with in *Thackeray's Contributions* (hitherto unidentified) *to Punch*. He seems, however, to have overlooked "Rolandseck," one of the *Britannia* series; perhaps because all the other numbers had duly been absorbed by Mrs. Ritchie, and Mr. Melville took it for granted that this was among them. Moreover, he has very properly omitted the papers, such as the "Snob Papers," which Thackeray declared he would have suppressed if he could. Otherwise everything is here—everything published from "1821 to 1847." At least, Mr. Melville *says* "1821" on his title-page, but he doubtless means 1829; for at the former date the novelist was but a child of ten years old. It may be said at once that this volume is cordially to be welcomed for reasons that appear later on; but objection should be made to the inclusion of the two most important pieces in the book—"Speeches of Henry, Lord Brougham, etc., Edinburgh, 1839," which was published in the *British and Foreign Review, or European Quarterly Journal;* and "Elizabeth Brownrigge: A Tale," published in *Fraser's Magazine* in August and September, 1832.

Mr. Melville very properly expresses doubt as to "Elizabeth Brownrigge"—the capital parody on Lytton's *Eugene Aram,* which, however, has nothing either of the touch or the manner of Thackeray. Dr. John Brown thought it was by Thackeray; Mr. Swinburne said "it ought to be," if it were not; Richard Herne Shepherd jumped at the hazard—as all who knew him would expect him to do; and Mr. Anderson actually included it in his Bibliography without a query-mark. For my part I can find no resemblance to Thackeray in it. On the other hand, it seems to me to be a strong family likeness to the work that Douglas Jerrold was doing at that time. The turns of expression, the handling of sentences, the peculiarities of dialogue are rather Jerroldian than Thackerayan; and I would remind the reader that in the autumn of 1831—just before the publication of "Elizabeth Brownrigge," Jerrold was writing a parody not dissimilar entitled "The Tudor Fiend and his Three Pupils" in the *Monthly Magazine,* in which one pupil gets gibbeted (like Elizabeth), the other is murdered by his fellow, and the third fractures his skull "against the barrier of his own wealth." I would remind the reader, but I would not harp upon the fact, as the circumstance may be merely a coincidence, that some years afterward Jerrold himself wrote "The Brownrigg Papers," for which George Cruikshank etched a frontispiece. The volume was so called because Jerrold signed many of the papers "Henry Brownrigg." It was edited by his son Blanchard, and contained the "Tutor Fiend" aforesaid.

As to the "Lord Brougham" review—a really important literary effort (which together with the Brownrigge story appropriates a quarter of a volume)—the style is not so different perhaps from what Thackeray's became later on. But, like the manner, it is more finished, more sober, more mature than anything that Thackeray was producing in 1839, and far better informed on political matters than we have independent evidence of in his other writings. Besides, Thackeray was a careful prophet at all times. Would he have ventured on saying of Lord Brougham at that early date—

". . . He might have stood upon a moral eminence, so exalted, so commanding, that the eyes of all should have been turned on him in admiration, in gratitude, and love; but having played for his stake for his own sake, not for the sake of mighty principles and of his country, he has fallen, and fallen not to rise again, among his contemporaries"?

*Stray Papers, 1821-1847. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Lewis Melville.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He adds, it is true, certain qualifications—but is this Thackeray's manner? is it thus that a young man of wisdom would have written of a statesman still in his intellectual prime? We are told that Mr. Anderson identified the piece; it is true that in his otherwise admirable Bibliography he has included it without any sort of hesitancy—just as confidently as he included "Elizabeth Brownrigge." Some more evidence than this is required before the dictum is to be accepted.

There are other points on which exception may be taken by way of friendly criticism, and it is as well to dispose of them forthwith. Complaint must be made that the printers have been pleased to alter Thackeray's punctuation—capitals and so forth—after the manner of printers who prefer their "own rules" to those of the greatest writer who ever lived. I speak from experience. In the case of my own book on Thackeray, the printers persistently ignored my forewarnings, and copiously altered Thackeray's spelling and punctuation (especially Jeames's!), and entailed expense, trouble and infinite labour in putting things right. Let Mr. Melville compare, say, the Letter on the Fine Arts from the *Pictorial Times* (p. 218) with the original, or even with Shepherd's reprint in "Sultan Stork," and he will experience the cruel afterpang that the innocent author so often receives. Again, the reference on p. 277 to "Paris Rebels," one of the "doubtful" papers in *Fraser*—should of course be "Paris Revels." At the same time, it must not be thought that the book is carelessly set; and after all there may not be many similarly afflicted with *la manie de l'exactitude* so as to be distressed if a colon is replaced by a semicolon, if a paragraph be broken into two, or "kerseymere" is misprinted with a capital K. Personally, I regard a classic author's every comma as sacred, and would willingly subscribe to a Six-text edition if Dr. Furnivall would start a Thackeray society to that end. Furthermore, regret must be expressed that the illustrations should have been printed on a surface paper, so as wholly to destroy what little artistic effect belonged to them. These blocks were roughly cut for the *National Standard,* and were intended for printing in that journal on a rough paper—not to be dignified into "plates," damaging instead of helpful to the artist's reputation. If the reader would see how much better these blocks are than they here seem to be, let him consult the volume of the *Magazine of Art* for 1890, wherein they were first reprinted (in an article by Mr. C. N. Williamson), and he will realise the force of the remark. This modern practice of using for the printing of wood-cuts a paper manufactured for the printing of tone-blocks is alike unintelligent and disastrous; it seems to give point to Thackeray's own banter about other of his illustrations: "Robinson Crusoe little thought, when he was notching the post, that those very wood-cuts would be made to illustrate this Diary!" Again, the drawing of "Little Spitz" returning with his own poor little severed tail, instead of sausages, in a basket, is not by Thackeray at all, but by George Cruikshank, for whom it was cut by Thomas Williams. And the distribution of the illustrations all over the volume, instead of insertion in their proper place, is a source of irritation, and should be altered in the next edition. For example, on p. 166 we read, "The two drawings reproduced on the following pages"—which is exactly where they should be reproduced; but one of them is the frontispiece and the other faces p. 416!

Here our cavilling ends, and we return to the volume with thanks to Mr. Melville for bringing together in such convenient form the work of Thackeray's early manhood. The compiler justifies in his preface his self-imposed task, and it must be admitted that he makes good his case. Why should an author's early works be suppressed more than an artist's early pictures? By what special claim should a writer's immature books be ignored more than a statesman's immature opinions? They may be forgiven; they need not be forgotten. It might be added that they were deliberately given to the world "for a consideration;" and that they were accepted at the time by those for whom they were intended; why should they now be thrust out of sight because the author began to work before he had attained ripeness? Millais and Burne-Jones might as well have demanded the destruction of their earlier works which lacked their later accomplishment and dexterity. This cry for suppression is the result of a false pre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mise—there is a flavour of vanity in it, too. But if we discovered a new Shakespearean, a new Chaucerian, a new Aristotelian manuscript, should we refuse to give it to the world until we ascertained that the writing was produced in the author's prime? Thackeray is safe; we have realised that for many a day; and no man need fear to be thought a ghoul—(at least he can afford to ignore the charge, for it can come only from the thoughtless)—who reveals the young work of the acknowledged genius. He helps us to know the master better; shows us the way of his development; directs, and perchance encourages, other young geniuses on the road to excellence, alike of thought and craftsmanship. And for the rest of us who are not geniuses, we can rejoice in these works as being always full of interest of one kind or another, sometimes biographical, sometimes pscyhological, sometimes literary. For my own part, I should be sorry to miss the "grumble about Christmas Books" or other critical papers; and the suppression of Mrs. Ramsbottom would be a loss to literary history. This ancestress of the lady who flourished but lately in the pages of *Punch*—the sister of Mrs. Partington—the descendant of Mrs. Malaprop, of Smollett's Winifred Jenkins, even of Mistress Quickly herself. Whether or not Thackeray borrowed his Mrs. Ramsbottom from Theodore Hook's "John Bull" does not matter: his development of the character is a link in a chain which it would be a pity to break.

In this volume Mr. Melville reprints seven items from *The Snob,* four from *The Gownsman,* twenty-four from *The National Standard,* four from the *Times* (the unimportant "Memoirs of Holt" alone omitted), seven from the *Pictorial Times,* four from the *New Monthly Magazine,* two from the *Keepsake,* and seven from *Fraser* (not including "Elizabeth Brownrigge"); while the *Corsair, Cruikshank's Omnibus,* and the *Nation* yield one each. The volume is capital reading; it should take its place in the library beside Thackeray's works. The publishers have thoughtfully helped to that end by imparting to it an appearance identical with that of the Biographical edition.

M. H. Spielmann.

II.

Norman Hapgood's "The Stage in America."*

For one interested in the higher possibilities of the theatre, Mr. Hapgood's book is a delight and a comfort. But it is a book exceedingly hard to criticise, the temptation is so great to follow up any one of the many lines of thought the volume suggests, and to write about the subject instead of writing about the book. Mr. Hapgood is one of the very few dramatic critics in either England or America who are worthy of serious consideration, in that they refuse to follow, and still assert that the critic's duty is not merely to chronicle public taste, be it good or bad, but to form and lead that taste along the lines of pleasure in what is really highest, best and healthiest in art. Those who look to this volume for pleasing anecdotes of actors and actresses, reminiscences of popular successes and portraits of popular favourites, will be sadly disappointed. What Mr. Hapgood offers his readers is a vigorous plea for the best in dramatic art, pages of praise and blame, relative not positive, dealing with the matter criticised not as an isolated case, but in its value as a part of a component whole. This sense of proportion and relativity, which is born of a thorough knowledge of the subject, or at least of a complete comprehension of its possibilities, and without which there can be no true criticism, is the keynote of the book. The last remark would be something of a truism were it not for the fact, sadly characteristic of the conditions of matters dramatic in America, that our dramatic critic is apparently required to possess no other qualifications for his work than good sight and hearing, and a fair memory. Our criticisms of new plays are at best but clever sayings about popular actors; at the worst they are descriptions of the character of the audience and the gowns of the leading ladies. We have one or two critics who can blame everything so wittily that their reviews make amusing reading, and we hear words of wisdom on the drama occasionally from writers

*The Stage in America, 1897-1900. By Norman Hapgood. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of scholarly English, whose knowledge begins and ends with Shakespeare *à la* Daly, but here the list ends. Anything like a sound dramatic criticism, a criticism such as we can already show in matters musical, is so very rare with us, that Mr. Hapgood, if not standing alone in his views, stands almost entirely alone in his open expression of them. His present book is an excellent resumé of what this fearless young critic has been doing in the past, and a promising forecast of what he is likely to do in the future.

The opening chapter of information as to the all-powerful Theatre Trust, known familiarly as the Syndicate, forms an excellent introduction to what follows, as it presents conditions which must be reckoned with, either in the light of cause or effect, in our national dramatic art. Here Mr. Hapgood presents facts only and leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions. But as he goes on he will undoubtedly give a severe shock to that large and, from a box-office point of view, very important class of theatre-goers who patronise the houses along Broadway, with side excursions to the Lyceum and Garden theatres. For Mr. Hapgood calmly asserts that our only high-class theatre is the little German house run by Mr. Heinrich Conried in Irving Place—that is, high-class from the point of view of the value of the plays and the acting offered its patrons. Next come the Murray Hill stock company and the Yiddish theatres in the Bowery; beyond that the play-lover who likes a certain amount of literature in his dramatic amusement has to depend upon occasional matinées and Independent Theatre experiments. This is all sadly true, and Mr. Hapgood shows clearly that in reality, in our money-bound America, the humbler class of playgoers have offered them a better relative kind of dramatic art than their richer fellow-citizens, who are surfeited with inanity in fine scenery, and Paris gowns at two dollars a seat. This may be a hopeful sign for the nation at large, but it is hard on the man or woman who is willing to pay for a really good kind of dramatic enjoyment and finds it almost an impossibility to do so here. These people, whom Mr. Hapgood cleverly calls "the submerged tenth, the tenth that is submerged generally in our theatrical system, the colleges, the arts, and the kind of humanity generally that has heard of Marlowe and read Browning," finds that the melodrama of the East Side cheap show has often more humanity in it than the feeble inanities offered by the expensive houses. Mr. Hapgood gives apropos of this a few sentences which are too good for us to avoid quoting them:

> The kinship between intellectual innocence and real culture is what makes bad melodrama so good, and good melodrama so bad. The civilised man enjoys the primitive instincts of mankind and dislikes the pretences of half education. The ragged man and woman who throb over the wild eyes and dishevelled hair of the heroine are his brother and sister. . . . But he feels nothing at all to correspond with the tastes of the class just above these, the middle class which knows enough to scorn *A Bowery Girl,* but buys literature for the chromos that go with it, and goes to the theatre to see cartloads of scenery and acres of heather, and real horses. This is the class on whose integrity and stability modern civilisation rests, but its taste in art is worse than the taste of those above it or of those below it. To this class also, the manager who wishes to give the people what they want must look, for they have as much money as the cultivated, and are almost as numerous as the poor.

Mr. Hapgood gives considerable space to the good work being done in the Irving Place Theatre by Mr. Conried, who, it is true, is merely repeating here what every theatre in Germany is doing, but with the added courage of doing it single-handed, without the aid of the State or municipal subsidy, which support native German theatres, and also in face of hostile theatrical conditions in this country. From the example of this manager, for whom the theatre is not merely a method of money-making, but a profession to be followed from higher considerations, Mr. Hapgood hopes for an American theatre which will be a credit to our national dramatic art. But in these hopes, echoed as they certainly are by many lovers of the better drama, Mr. Hapgood forgets to mention that in those countries in Continental Europe where the true theatre, *i.e.,* the stock company with a repertoire of all the good classic and modern dramatic works, is to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

found, it is supported in almost every case by subsidies. Only the very largest cities, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, show any theatres entirely under private management, where the manager assumes the risk, and is not, as in the other houses, merely a salaried head. The public has been educated by generations of subsidised theatres, for the management of which the pecuniary success could be a matter of secondary consideration, so that the private theatres must follow the lead of these supported houses, in offering the best, to succeed at all. However, this fact should not cast a damper on the hopes of those who wish for something better here, but should merely lead them to work for an endowed theatre, or to nourish the hope that New York at least is large enough to support a private theatre along the only lines that can make for the best in art. At all events, the efforts of such a critic as Mr. Hapgood will do much to help on to this happy possibility.

Mr. Hapgood's book is interesting literary criticism too, as all good dramatic criticism must be. But his importance as dramatic critic with ideals is so great here, that it is better to speak of his work, at least in the limits of a short review, from this point altogether. We have a number of good literary critics, whose judgment is, perhaps, slightly more poised than is Mr. Hapgood's, but of fearless dramatic critics, who know what the theatre should be, and desire it for their home city, we have unfortunately very few.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

III.

Pierre Gusman's "Pompeii."*

About a year ago students of archæology and enthusiasts who eagerly welcome every line written on ancient art were congratulating themselves on the publication of *Pompeii, Its Life and Art,* by Professors Mau and Kelsey, a work which has proved to be all that the most exacting could desire, of value to the specialist and most entertaining to the general reader. Within the year we are gratified to receive another work even more pretentious than the former on the same entrancing subject. The fact that two such important publications on the same subject, alike translated from a foreign language and forming in reality the only works in English on Pompeii of recent years, have appeared in such proximity will inevitably lead to a close comparison. Even a cursory examination of these books will make clear that from the point of view of the scholar and of the reader, who demand exactness of detail and statements of authority, who desire to be informed as well as entertained, the earlier book is by far superior to the later work. In the former book the purpose and intent are serious and dignified, but the author of the latter announces in his preliminary words that "to him, a passionate and faithful pilgrim to Pompeii, the ancient city was so full of charm, the smiling skies and sunny atmosphere of fair Campania breathed such balm into his soul, that he offers a labour of love to the reader in the book he lays before him, and he will consider himself happy if he has been able to make his readers catch some of those delicate echoes from a bygone world that have stirred his own senses so deliciously." These words clearly foreshadow the spirit of the book which follows, for it is entertaining and very readable. Its pages are most attractive, by reason of the wealth of illustrations, but it is the æsthetic and sentimental reader to whom this will appeal, and not the scholarly mind, which pauses to question and verify before accepting all the author states. We cannot deny that there is much about Pompeii which will be made known in such a work, and there is unquestionably a place for such a treatment of its wonders, for there are many in whom the buried city, so wonderfully preserved and now being resurrected, awakens the deepest interest, but who are unable to approach the subject with the spirit and equipment of the scholar.

The author has arranged the contents of his book in six parts, which are again subdivided into chapters, several of which consist of only three pages and are aggravatingly brief. The first part is assigned to the destruction of the city and to the excavations, and contains a brief description of the climate of Cam-

*Pompeii. The City, Its Life and Art. By Pierre Gusman. Translated by Florence Simonds and M. Jourdain. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $12.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pania, of the earthquake of 63 and of the eruption of Vesuvius in 79, given in the main in the form of a translation of the letters of Pliny describing the scene. The extraordinary statement is made that of the twenty thousand inhabitants one-tenth survived, but the exact converse is true, for by far the larger part of those in the doomed city had time to escape. In his enumeration of the excavated gates of the city the author omits to mention the Stabian Gate, although the accompanying illustration represents it as completely excavated. On page 35 the key-stone of the Nola Gate is said to be ornamented with the head of Isis, whereas this is now recognised as the helmeted head of Minerva. Although the Oscan inscription which was once engraved alongside of the sculpture has disappeared, it is referred to as extant, and is interpreted as a dedication to Isis, whereas in reality it was a record of the granting of the contract for construction and of the acceptance of the completed structure. In the second part, the important subject of the temples and the various religious cults of the city is treated in the space of seventy-three pages, occupying at least one-sixth of the book. Much attention is given to Venus, the patron goddess of the city, although her temple has not as yet been fully identified. Then follow descriptions of the Temple of Apollo, of the Temple of Isis, with an extended account of the prevalence and influence of the Egyptian religion in Pompeii, of the Temple of Fortuna Augusta, of Zeus Milichius (spoken of as Jupiter Meilichios), of Vespasian, of Jupiter, of the Building of Eumachia. The evidences and concomitants of private worship, such as the Lares and Lararia, with details as to the rites associated with these cults, bring to a close this interesting portion of the book. In the description of the funeral meal on page 54 the author evidently misunderstands Juvenal's mention of half an egg, which serves to garnish the diminutive crab offered to a *cliens* by his patron; for our author speaks of the "little shell filled with half an egg" as part of the meal at the tomb. Again, Juvenal does not say, "It is in Isis men believe when they believe in God." Part Third is arranged in eight chapters, which treat of the public buildings and recreations of the city. Here are described the Basilica, the Forum, the baths, the amphitheatre, the barracks of the gladiators. The author in connection with his descriptions has again related many details as to the various customs of the people, which are suggested by the buildings and localities under review. When speaking of the Basilica, the author makes the astonishing statement that the pillars that supported the roof were two hundred and eighteen feet high. Thirty-two feet is somewhat nearer the correct measure. The fourth part is in the main concerned with the inscriptions and industries of Pompeii. The portion on the inscriptions is unsatisfactory and should be read with caution. The interpretation of the abbreviation S. O. D. L. E. N. C. is the invention of Fiorelli, and is not recognised by scholars, who have declined to guess at its meaning. On page 192, "L. Sepunius Sandilianus and Lucius M. Herennius" should read "L. Sepunius Sandilianus, son of Lucius and M. Herennius." The inscription given by the author as uncial does not show letters of this character, but forms due to the use of the brush. Uncial letters are found in inscriptions first in Africa in the latter part of the third century. The account of the Roman numerals on page 197 is full of the most remarkable misstatements, such as "the letter M (1000), which was a Greek sign," and "at Pompeii the number 1000 was written CIↃ" a sign which does not appear until the mediæval period. Two hundred was not expressed by an δ horizontal nor was 2000 written || ∽ , nor was the Greek θ equal to 1000. The remaining chapters of this part deal with the taverns, the *lupanaria,* tools and surgical instruments, bake-houses, and mills, and relate many entertaining details bearing on the public life of the people.

Part IV. considers the Græco-Roman house, which is described in general in the first five chapters, and in particular in the accounts of the well-known individual houses, such as the house of Pansa and the house of Vetius. The seventh and eighth chapters return again to the life of the people, but as lived in their homes, and gives details as to costume of men and women and articles of food and meals. The last part, desig-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nated "The Arts," is the most valuable portion of the book, for here the author speaks with evident authority and as an expert, and the fact that it is the work of an artist is made clear on every page. The first chapter is on the architecture of the city, and is almost painfully brief. The subject of "Painting" is given with comparative thoroughness in ten chapters. The last thirty-four pages are assigned to sculpture and objects of art.

There are many errors, due in some instances to the carelessness of the translators, who have given the French orthography, or again to the proof-readers. Thus we find Pompei, Sylla, Stabies, on page 201, *beluis* for *bellus, Corde* for *corde* which is also out of place; on page 202, *iustas* for *iustus.* The inscription on page 213 should be translated, "To the Genius of our Lucius, Felix his freedman has erected this." On page 162, *velitis* should be *veles;* on page 170 "Livius, Andronicus" should be "Livius Andronicus." When the author, on page 172, declares that "it was called *satura,* later on the name of *exodia* was given to it," he evidently means that *saturae* were afterward used as *exodia,* a curious statement which may be the fault of the translators. We also notice on page 151 *Adiramus* for *Adiranus; boviles botulus,* page 221; *pundo* for *pondo,* page 231; *semix* for *semis,* page 231; *Celsuis* for *Celsus,* page 236; *suiginei* for *siliginei,* page 241, and *T. S. Climens* for *T. Suedius Clemens,* page 23. On page 233, P. C. is for *pondo centum,* and not for *ponderis centum,* and a mosaic representing various animals is entitled "The Battle of Arbela," an error due to the repetition of the title of an illustration on a preceding page.

The style of the author is very direct and satisfactory, and is agreeably disappointing; for the remarkably exuberant language of the preface and of the opening chapter is only indulged in at intervals, and increases rather than detracts from the attractiveness of the book. The translators have done their work very satisfactorily, notwithstanding occasional lapses, due to a misunderstanding of the author's meaning. The book consists of 429 pages, with twelve coloured plates and upward of five hundred text illustrations, and is beautifully printed, altogether forming a notable addition to the artistic works already published on this subject.

James C. Egbert, Jr.

IV.

Frank Norris's "The Octopus." *

There is a character at the outset of Mr. Norris's new volume, the poet Presley, who is haunted by the dream of writing an epic of the West. His ambition is to paint life frankly as he sees it; yet, incongruously enough, he wishes to see everything through a rose-tinted mist —a mist that will tone down all the harsh outlines and crude colours. He is searching for true romance, and, instead, finds himself continually brought up against railway tracks and grain rates and unjust freight tariffs. All this is quite interesting, not because Presley is an especially important or convincing character, but because it is so obviously only another way of stating Mr. Norris's favourite creed: that realism and romanticism are, after all, convertible terms; that the epic theme for which Presley was vainly groping lay all the time close at hand if he could but have seen it, not merely in the primeval life of mountain and desert, and the shimmering purple of a sunset, but in the limitless stretch of steel rails, in the thunder of passing trains, in the whole vast, intricate mechanism of an organised monopoly.

No one is likely to quarrel seriously with this position. There certainly is a sort of epic vastness and power in many phases of our complicated modern life when treated in a broad, sweeping Zolaesque fashion—in the railroad, the stock exchange, the department stores when they are set before us like so many vast symbols, titanic organisms, with an entity and a purpose of their own. It is only when we come down to details, the petty, sordid details of individual lives, that realism and romance part company. Yet no one knows better than Mr. Norris that it is these very details which give to every picture of life its true value and colour, and he himself has often given them to us with pitiless fidelity. There are few writers of to-day who could cope with him in giving the physiognomy of

*The Octopus. By Frank Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some mean little side-street in San Francisco, of painting with a few telling strokes a living picture of some odd little Chinese restaurant, of making us breathe the very atmosphere of McTeague's tawdry, disordered, creosote-laden dental parlour, or the foul, reeking interior of Bennett's tent on the ice fields of the far North. It is a trifle exasperating to find a man who can do work like this deliberately choosing every now and then, after the fashion of his poet Presley, to look at life through rose-coloured glasses, instead of adhering fearlessly to the crude colours and the harsh outlines. It was this tendency which betrayed him into the melodramatic ending of *McTeague;* in real life the big, dull-witted dentist would probably have perished miserably in a gutter or a garret, if he had succeeded in evading the hangman; but it suited Mr. Norris's purpose better to apotheosise him, to drive him out into the midst of the alkali desert, forming, as it were, the one human note in a sort of vast symphony of nature. In the present work there is nothing quite so glaring, yet we detect the same underlying spirit. It is felt not alone in the vein of mysticism which runs through the book, the whole episode of Vanamee, the lonely, half-distraught shepherd invoking the spirit of his lost bride across the wide expanse of prairie. It is felt still more in the lack of vivid character drawing in *The Octopus,* in a certain blurring of the outlines, that suggests a composite photograph, in the substitution of types for individuals. In more than one way Mr. Norris is farther away from real life in *The Octopus* than he was in *A Man's Woman,* just as in that novel he was farther away than in *McTeague.*

The truth is that *The Octopus* is a sort of vast allegory, an example of symbolism pushed to the extreme limit, rather than a picture of life. Mr. Norris has always had a fondness for big themes; they are better suited to the special qualities of his style, the sonority of his sentences, the insistent force of accumulated noun and adjective. This time he has conceived the ambitious idea of writing a trilogy of novels which, taken together, shall symbolise American life, not merely the life of some small corner of a single State, but American life as a whole, with all its hopes and aspirations and its tendencies, throughout the length and breadth of the continent. And for the central symbol he has taken wheat, as being quite literally and truly the staff of this life, the ultimate source of American power and prosperity. This first volume, *The Octopus,* dealing with the production of wheat, shows us a corner of California, the San Joachin Valley, where a handful of ranchmen are engaged in irrigating and ploughing, planting, reaping and harvesting, performing all the slow, arduous toil of cultivation, and at the same time carrying on a continuous warfare against the persistent encroachment of the railroad, whose steel arms are reaching out, octopus-like, to grasp, encircle and crush one after another all those who venture to oppose it. It is quite likely that Mr. Norris has been careful of his facts, that he has some basis for his presentment of the railway's acts of aggression, the unjust increase of freight tariffs, the regrading of land values, the violent evictions—in short, that his novel is well documented. From the symbolic side, however, the literal truth is unimportant. The novel typifies on a small scale the struggle continuously going on between capital and labour, the growth of centralised power, the aggression of the corporation and the trust. But back of the individual, back of the corporation, is the spirit of the nation, typified in the wheat, unchanged, indomitable, rising, spreading, gathering force, rolling in a great golden wave from West to East, across the continent, across the ocean, and carrying with it health and strength and hope and sustenance to other nations—emblem of the progressive, indomitable spirit of the American people. Such, at least, seems to be Mr. Norris's underlying thought, and he has developed it in a way which compels admiration, even from those who find *The Octopus* as a story rather disappointing. Especially deserving of cordial praise is the manner in which the two underlying thoughts of his theme are kept before the reader, like the constantly recurring *leit-motivs* of a Wagnerian opera. First, there is the *motiv* of the railroad, insistent, aggressive, refusing to be forgotten, making its presence felt on every page of the book—in the shrill scream of a distant engine, in the heavy rumble of a passing freight train, in the substantial presence of S. Behrmann, the local agent,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose name greets us at the outset of the story in large flaring letters of a painted sign on a water-tank, "S. Behrmann has something to say to *you*," and whose corpulent, imperturbable, grasping personality obtrudes itself continually, placid, unyielding, invincible. Now and then we have a clear-cut picture of the road itself, as in the graphic, ghastly episode of an engine, ploughing its way through a flock of sheep, which had somehow made their way through the barbed-wire fence and wandered upon the track.

The pathos of it was beyond expression. It was a slaughter, a massacre of innocents. The iron monster had charged full into the midst, merciless, inexorable. To the right and length, all the width of the right of way, the little bodies had been flung; backs were snapped against the fence-posts; brains knocked out. Caught in the barbs of the wire, wedged in, the bodies hung suspended. Under foot it was terrible. The black blood, winking in the starlight, seeped down into the clay between the ties with a prolonged sucking murmur. . . . Abruptly Presley saw again in his imagination the galloping monster, the terror of steel and steam, with its single eye, cyclopean, red, shooting from horizon to horizon; but saw it now as the symbol of a vast power, huge, terrible, flinging the echo of its thunder over all the reaches of the valley, leaving blood and destruction in its path; the leviathan, with tentacles of steel clutching into the soil, the soulless Force, the iron-hearted Power, the Monster, the Colossus, the Octopus.

And, secondly, there is the *motiv* of the wheat underlying that of the railroad, yet ever present and unchanged throughout the long and fluctuating struggle.

Men—motes in the sunshine—perished, were shot down in the very noon of life, hearts were broken, little children started in life lamentably handicapped; young girls were brought to a life of shame; old women died in the heart of life for lack of food. In that little, isolated group of human insects, misery, death and anguish spun like a wheel of fire.

But the wheat remained. Untouched, unassailable, undefiled, that mighty world-force, that nourisher of nations, wrapped in Nirvanic calm, indifferent to the human swarm, gigantic, resistless, moved onward in its appointed grooves. Through the welter of blood at the irrigation ditch, through the sham charity and shallow philanthropy of famine relief committees, the great harvest of Los Muertos rolled, like a flood from the Sierras to the Himalayas, to feed thousands of starving scarecrows on the barren plains of India.

Such, in brief, are the purposes of Mr. Norris's book. It is full of enthusiasm and poetry and conscious strength. One can hardly read it without a responsive thrill of sympathy for the earnestness, the breadth of purpose, the verbal power of the man. But as a study of character, a picture of real life, of flesh and blood, it must be frankly owned that *The Octopus* is disappointing. A few of the characters are good, they promise at first to win our sympathies—characters like the slow, tenacious German, Hooven; the tall, commanding figure of Magnus Derrick, the "governor," to whom life was one huge gamble; the coarse-fibred, combative young farmer, Annixter, with his scorn of "feemales" and his morbid concern over the vagaries of a stomach which would persist in "getting out of whack." But, taken as a whole, the characters do not wear well; they come and go, love and suffer and die, and their joy and their misery fail to wake a responsive thrill. An exception, however, must be made in the case of S. Behrmann. He, at least, is consistently developed and consistently hated. From first to last he has appeared invincible, out of reach of law, of powder and shot, of dynamite. And the final episode, where he is struck down at the very summit of his ambition, caught in a trap by his own wheat, and pictured writhing, struggling, choking to death miserably in the dark hold of the ship, beaten down and lashed by the pitiless hail of grain as it pours with a metallic roar from the iron chute, is a chapter tense with dramatic power—a scene for which a parallel must be sought in the closing pages of *Germinal* or the episode of the man-hunt in *Paris*. Whatever shortcomings *The Octopus* may possess, this one chapter goes far toward atoning for them. It gives a glimpse of Mr. Norris at his best, and holds out a hopeful promise for the future volumes of the trilogy.

Frederic T. Cooper.

V.

WILL PAYNE'S "THE STORY OF EVA."*

To those readers who go through forty or fifty of the new books every year, and

*The Story of Eva. By Will Payne. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who take them all more or less seriously, Mr. Payne's novel is to be recommended. It is a story of considerable interest; it has some originality, and in some of the earlier chapters the writer touches upon certain phases of American life that have hitherto been generally ignored in fiction. *The Story of Eva* is one of those books which, while not likely to leave a lasting impression on the reader, will hold his interest from cover to cover by a thousand little flashes of clever observation and humour. In a word, when one takes it up it is not likely to be laid down until the last page has been finished.

The first part of the book is the best. It gives us a picture of a certain phase of Chicago life which we feel must be very true—it is so commonplace, so colourless, and yet so pathetic and strenuous. In the opening chapter Eva Soden begins life as an independent woman in the employ of the Economy Publishing Company. Her previous life has been rather colourless with the exception of her unfortunate marriage to Emory Soden and her desertion of him when she finds out just what a worthless creature he is. In many respects Soden reminds one very stongly of Babcock, Selma White's first husband in Mr. Grant's *Unleavened Bread*. In justice to Mr. Payne, however, it must be said that the imitation, if imitation there be, has been obviously unconscious. In the offices of the Economy Publishing Company, Eva meets and becomes interested in Philip Marvin, an Eastern man, college bred, whose position is that of a kind of assistant literary adviser. It is between these two that the story of the book is played out. The wage which she earns from the publishing company is so pitifully small that she is obliged to seek other employment elsewhere, and she finally finds an occupation more remunerative and congenial as the cashier of Cobb's Café, a "quick lunch" establishment, which is very typical of a certain side of Chicago life.

One could scarcely miss Mr. Cobb's large feeding establishment. Wide marble steps led down to it from the flagging. Above these steps the proprietor had erected a gorgeous canopy of brass and coloured glass. The canopy appeared to have a vague intention of being Gothic, perhaps because the building to whose vast wall it clung rather leaned to the Italian Renaissance. The canopy, at least, was in the form of an arched gable, surmounted by a brass spire which reached to the second story of the building. The large, white glass letters of the sign "Cobb's Café" were surely Gothic. At the foot of the steps there was a glass case holding some cuts of beef, a heap of shell oysters, and a dressed chicken.

Marvin comes here very frequently, and day by day the attachment grows, until it culminates in an impetuous avowal on his part and a faint-hearted rejection, on the ground that her husband is still living and undivorced, on hers. Vague rumours of a divorce and another marriage on the part of Soden come to her from Texas, and finally she throws all scruples to the winds and goes freely with Philip Marvin. The uncertainty of her exact legal position causes them to forego for the time the marriage ceremony. We suppose that it is to this episode of their lives that the prudish little apology on the wrapper of the book alludes. Be that as it may, the facts of the case are stated so simply and naturally that it is only the most prurient reader who will find in these chapters anything sensual or morbid.

The second part of the book finds them in affluence living in a family hotel which overlooks the Lake Front. Here they meet all sorts and conditions of men and women, and for a time outside interests threaten to bring about an estrangement. There are some satiric pictures of a certain sort of Chicago society, and one character at least of those who are introduced is surely drawn from a living original. Toward the end of the book, Eva's husband comes back, a sodden and miserable wretch, and for a time there is a crisis threatened, until he is shot by another woman and dies in the hospital. Mr. Payne brings his story to a close with every respect for conventionality. The inconvenient husband out of the way, the belated marriage ceremony is gone through with, and as we leave them they seem to have every prospect of success and happiness in life. Of the last half of the book it is hard to say at just what Mr. Payne is driving. He is like the French king who marched up the hill and then marched down again. One cannot avoid the idea that the story originally had a different and truer ending, and that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a charge was made upon the argument that the reading public demanded that an author round up his characters as pleasantly as possible. It is not so much in the story as in the little bits of dialogue and of descriptions of certain phases of lower middle-class life that the interest of the book lies.

Firmin Dredd.

VI.

Arthur Stanwood Pier's "The Sentimentalists."*

The Pedagogues, which Mr. Pier wrote several years ago, was a good story, and *The Sentimentalists,* which is the second volume in the series of American novels which the Messrs. Harper have been exploiting so widely, is a better one. It is a book which requires considerable patience on the part of the reader; as in the first half Mr. Pier is somewhat forced in his writing. Not until half of the book is finished does the narrative swing along freely and spontaneously. But this is not without reason, for during that time the characters are becoming more distinct and the story of their lives is becoming more interesting and complex.

The Kent family are the result of distinctively American conditions, a family that could not by any possibility belong to any other country. Mrs. Kent is the widow of a druggist who had dabbled considerably in local politics in a Western town. As a type of the scheming, pushing, but loving mother; innately vulgar, going to almost any ends to further her own ambitions, Mrs. Kent stands out a strong and striking figure in modern fiction. She dominates the story, and raises it above the level of the commonplace. She has a son, Vernon, one of the "sentimentalists"; Frank, a football hero at Harvard; and Virginia, an attractive girl, absolutely free from the mother's vulgarity and love of intrigue. The Kents move from Gage City to Boston, where they take a house in a fashionable section of the town, and forthwith proceed to live beyond their income. Vernon is a paradox. He is weak and he is strong; partly good and partly bad. He becomes engaged to Frances Rowan because he thinks she has money, and when he finds she has none, he loves her because she is so sweet and pure and good that he can't help himself. He invests all his mother's money in the Gage City Consolidated, a a company about to be started, in the visionary hope that they may become rich. The promoter of this company is a tricky individual, but somewhat of a philosopher. He is quoted as saying:

"There are a certain kind of men that are neither good enough for heaven nor yet bad enough for hell, and what God Almighty finds to do with 'em when they die gets me. There's such a cursed lot of 'em. Take 'em big and large, I suppose they're the majority. They're the fellows that consider themselves good citizens. They zip, in a general way, against boss-rule and machine politics and bribery and corruption, and yet they'll shove plunder that somebody else has passed 'em into their pockets with one hand just as slick, and they'll stone with the other hand the depraved cuss that shook the plum-tree; and they'll be all the while just as pious as the most light-fingered college president. Well, not quite as slick as all that. College presidents can have a room to themselves."

Any American reader who knows the tricks of political life, and who understands the passage or the rejection of a bill cannot fail to be interested in the chapters in which the author shows how politicians and corporations work together. From the time that Mrs. Kent goes secretly to Gage City as a representative of the promoter the book absorbs one's attention. One dramatic scene follows another. Mrs. Kent does everything in her power to bribe and cajole certain politicians to favour the Gage City Consolidated charter. She poses as a poor, defrauded widow, and as a devoted and self-sacrificing mother. She uses every trick —but one—to influence these men. She gave a Bohemian dinner to a chosen few, and the day after she lay upon her sofa exhausted, dying by inches with a disease of the heart.

She called up relentlessly the image of herself as she was the night before—playing to this man's drunken weakness, to that one's vanity, to the venality of all, carrying through the banquet with a mirth and enthusiasm that, from being reluctantly assumed, had grown

*The Sentimentalists. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. New York: Messrs. Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

real upon her in the glitter of flowers and silver and glass—in the spirit of wine; again and again she called up to the atmosphere of some remembered speech or gesture this image of a light woman, pale and ghastly under her paint, with sick, bright eyes that mocked the laugh of her lips and the rose in her hair. What had she done with her life? She had cast her influence to develop the meaner sides of men, to demoralise and corrupt, and in the last few days her concentrated effort to this end seemed more productive, more certain in impression, than the whole preceding course of a negatively moral career. Dying in the knowledge that she had touched the lowest point of degradation and that it was too late to make any atoning struggle to rise—this was Mrs. Kent's consciousness as she lay in her room, waiting for messages from the politicians in her confidence or her pay.

The horsewhipping of a defamer of her character is followed by her death on the steps of the Capitol. Her last prayer is that her children may continue to have faith in her. It is a dramatically pathetic situation, and one which Mr. Pier handles with considerable skill. Limited space makes it impossible to enter into details as to the other developments in the book, but we can't refrain from quoting Vernon's opinion of Boston, which certainly hits that town rather a hard blow:

"Boston's the very worst place on the continent for a young man. . . .

"There are so many college-bred men in the place that they're able to flock by themselves, and that means they do no good to the community. They're clannish; they're too critical and fine. The college men ought to sift themselves over the country, so that they can't be dependent on one another. The ones that don't do that, and that linger on here—I don't care how well they succeed—it's a selfish success; they're drones in the hive. They're not wanted in Boston; and they are wanted elsewhere. They've reduced Boston now to what it is—the city of lowest vitality and least significance in the country. It needs an infusion of cowboys and miners and claim-jumpers and train-robbers into its professional and commercial life; it's simply anæmic with conservatism. . . . I don't think any educated man ought deliberately to disqualify himself for the Presidency. That's what you and I are doing by staying in Boston. It's perfectly obvious that no man from Boston can ever be President."

Flora Mai Holly.

VII.

Harold MacGrath's "The Puppet Crown." *

On the map of Europe draw a line from Leipzig to Trieste; another from Warsaw to Belgrade, and then connect Leipzig and Warsaw and Trieste and Belgrade, and one has a great square which, if it has no political nor diplomatic significance, is of immense importance to the makers and the readers of the modern romantic novel. Since Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins sent one Rudolph Russendyl away from the West End of London to hold a throne and win the love of a Princess this square has been experiencing and keeping dark the most marvellous upheavals and complications. Scattered about this region are countless Ruritanias, Pavonias, Carvanias, Danubias, Photecias, Idiocias, Paresias and Swashbucklias. If one has the proper amount of imagination and is not over strong on geography, anything may happen here. You may wear a rapier and with it run your neighbour gracefully through the midriff, as gentlemen used to do in the good days of Cardinal Richelieu; you may swim moats and demolish *donjons,* hobnob with royal personages and match pennies (—if you call them groats) with prime ministers and archbishops—no diplomatic formality is necessary, nothing but the proper amount of British imperturbability or good American cheek.

Indeed, in these mythical kingdoms and principalities even certain utilitarian achievements of the nineteenth century lend a glamour to mediæval romance. The hero may dramatically throttle an inconvenient agent of the *police secret* in a first-class railway carriage, or block a treasonable intrigue by a shrewd use of the telephone or telegraph. Then political Europe as it is to-day is so rich in suggestion. In some direction not very far from the Ruritanian frontier lies Rus-

*The Puppet Crown. By Harold MacGrath. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sia, and the romantic novelist may hint darkly at the crafty designs of the impenetrable Star; show us the ominous, overshadowing figure of the Bear. There is Austria—that Austria of which Metternich was the incarnation, and the "unspeakable Turk," and the restless and relentless Prussia; and France, with the Napoleonic legend, and the spirit of revolt not far away, and an official and officious Briton will always be found wherever diplomacy is used and bad French spoken. So, in these kingdoms the maker of fiction has two sets of opportunities; he may use as he sees fit the stock situations and contrivances of the Old World or of the New. The result of this is that Mr. Hope founded with *The Prisoner of Zenda* an absolutely new style of novel, which has many excellent qualities, and which is blameworthy chiefly because it is being done to death.

Once upon a time, in the royal city of Bleiberg, in a kingdom which we are told lies just to the west of the Kingdom of Carnavia, the British minister, in the hope of frustrating a scheme of Austria, and to further a personal cause, bought up a loan of five million crowns out of his own pocket. Ten years later the son of this minister, who had died in the meantime, comes to Bleiberg under an assumed name, and with the consols for this loan concealed in the barrels of one of his hunting guns. There is an American, one Maurice Carrewe, a sort of *chevalier d'industrie,* officially attached to the American legation in Vienna. He reminds one somewhat of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's Robert Clay, only he does not wear so many medals on his chest. Like Clay, he has had a hand in South American revolutions, popped away at Indians in the Far West, and gulped in huge drafts of life in the *café chantants* of various Continental capitals. There is a Royal Princess for whom Carrewe fights and dies, and a Duchess who is conspiring for the throne, and thereby playing directly into the hands of Austria, and a picturesque scoundrel of many names who is "wanted" in various parts of the world, and a puppet king and Excellencies and Serene Highnesses without number. There are plots and counterplots, sword play and pistol smoke, cold treason and unswerving loyalty, high hopes and balked ambitions—in a word, Mr. MacGrath has put in all the ingredients and stirred industriously.

The Puppet Crown is a good story. Mr. MacGrath's *Arms and the Woman* was a good story, too; but this is a better one. It has fire and action and colour and all the pageantry that the most romantic reader could desire, and of course it is a little unfortunate that a novel of this kind is always mentally contrasted with *The Prisoner of Zenda,* and that it is inevitably found wanting by the comparison.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN MAY

What delicate odours are blown abroad, caught by the libant wind
From the springing wheat on yonder slope, from the alden grove behind!
—O hark to the note of the meadow-lark! hark to the bobolink!
How they sing and sing the livelong day! they are mad with joy, I think.

The orchard is pink as a sea-shell is; how sweet, how sweet to lie
With only those exquisite, scented boughs between you and the sky!
O, even the ground in unsown fields has a tender beauty now;
The sun brings out the rich earth-tints till it shimmers beneath the plow.

And suddenly, sweetly, you know not how, the lilac-buds unfold;
The buttercups laugh i' the bladed grass, dappling the turf with gold.
And deep in the wood, where breathes a hint of the yet unopen'd ferns,
The blooms of the May-apple, white as wax, gleam by the cloister'd burns.

Eleanor Booth Simmons.

THE OPERA SEASON OF 1900–1901

At the close of another season of opera in New York, it would be pleasant to offer unqualified gratitude to the management, singers and stage managers for satisfactory work, if such a tribute were possible. Several performances, given with the best artists in the company, were brilliant, but many of the representations of familiar works were dull and lifeless.

The great event of the year was the return of Jean de Reszké, who made his appearance as Lohengrin on December 31. He received an ovation that would have been accorded in all probability had his voice been in the tattered condition kind advance reports described it. To the delight of his many admirers, his notes were as pure and liquid as ever, and his unequalled style and graceful phrasing again set a standard for both lyric and dramatic singing. He proved again that romantic tenor rôles are not so dead as some critics would have us believe, and also that, in order to give force and fire to the Wagnerian heroes of sturdier type, it is not necessary to resort to spasmodic ejaculations of raucous tone. One of the special features of M. de Reszké's art is his choice of *tempi;* and his unerring taste in this respect, added to his repose, enables him always to preserve the melody of every phrase he sings. He appeared in such widely different characters as Radames in *Aïda,* Raoul in *Les Huguenots,* Walther in *Die Meistersinger,* Siegfried in *Die Götterdämmerung,* Rodrigue in *Le Cid,* Tristan, Faust, etc. His appearance as Radames made one performance of *Aïda* (January 7) notable. This great tenor part has been sadly interpreted of late, and therefore to see the noble Egyptian warrior properly costumed, impressively acted and exquisitely sung was a great treat.

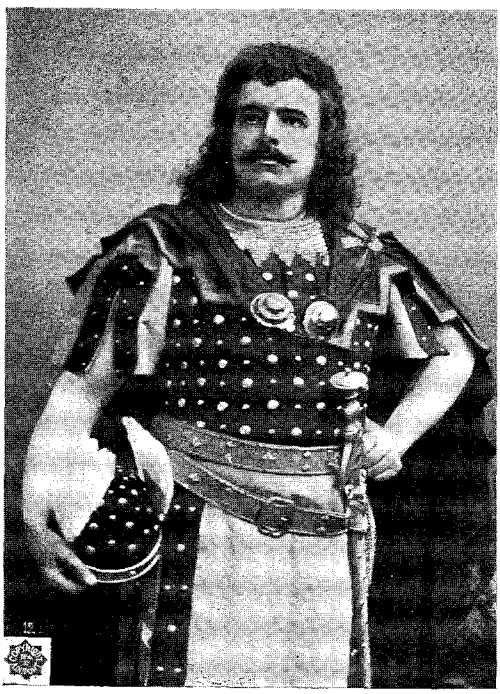
Edouard de Reszké was somewhat uneven in his work; it was noticeable that he was always inspired by the presence of his brother when the latter appeared in the same caste. He sang and acted superbly as Mephistopheles in *Faust,* when Jean de Reszké and Melba sang Faust and Marguerite, made an impressive figure as Hagen in *Die Götterdämmerung,* and sang Hans Sachs for the first time in German.

M. Pol Plançon greatly increased his reputation this winter. If his acting were on a level with his singing, few bass singers could ever hope to overtake him. His voice is almost as clear and pure as Melba's; it is marvellously flexible, and his calm style, somewhat cold, but full of distinction, is winning more appreciation every year. M. Plançon is one of the artists whose absence from the Grau company would be felt. Twice he sang his best rôle—Boïto's Mefistofele. He also appeared for the first time in New York, and in German, as the Landgrave in *Tannhäuser.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MADAME MELBA AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST."

PLANÇON AS MEPHISTOPHELES IN "FAUST."

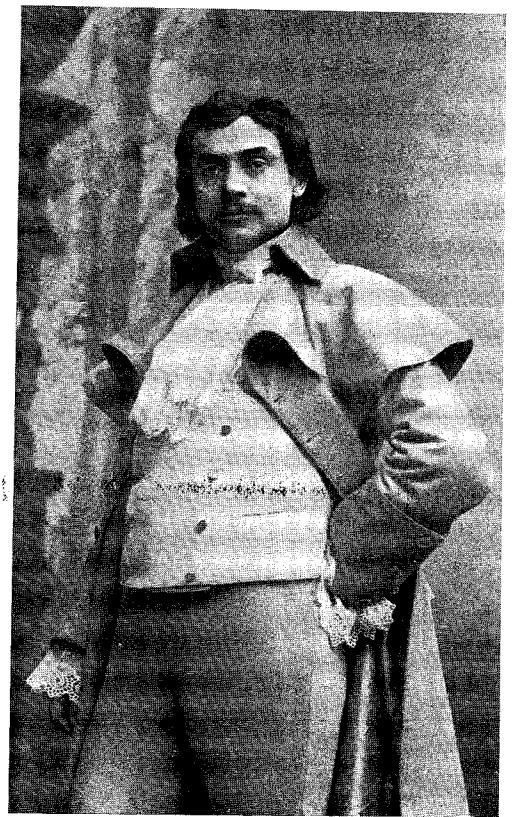


JEAN DE RESZKÉ AS TRISTAN.

ÉDOUARD DE RESZKÉ.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMPANARI IN "LA BOHÊME."



CREMONINI AS CAVARDOSSI IN "LA TOSCA."

Another event of the season was the return of Melba. She sang many of her familiar characters and one new one. Her acting of Juliet and Marguerite gained in warmth, and the only change to be noted in her crystal voice was at times a deeper and richer quality. Her Mimi in *La Bohême* was new to many of her audience. It was beautifully sung.

Mme. Ternina advanced greatly in popular estimation, and did better work toward the end of the season than at its beginning. She sang Santuzza in *Cavalleria Rusticana* for the first time. Her Isolde and Brünnhilde were noteworthy achievements. Mme. Nordica also appeared in these difficult rôles, not only challenging comparison, but, in the opinion of some of her admirers, excelling her rival in certain points. M. Saléza and Signor Scotti increased both their reputations and popularity.

Among the new arrivals, the first in importance was Mlle. Lucienne Bréval, from the Paris Opéra, who made her *début* in *Le Cid* (January 16), singing Chimène. The caste comprised Jean de Reszké as Rodrigue, Edouard de Reszké, Don Diègue; Plançon, Count de Gormas; and Melba, the Infanta. It cannot be said that Mlle. Bréval won a strong place in the affections of New York. She was appreciated for her stage experience and training and other worthy qualities, for her graceful poses, and for her fine presence; as a singer, she was somewhat disappointing. She sang Valentine in *Les Huguenots* and Salammbô.

Mefistofele (January 14) introduced Miss Margaret Macintyre, a London singer, to New York. She presented the heroine very attractively, but Calvé made this part so striking, tragic and pathetic, as Marguerite, and sang the music (especially that of Helen in the Classical Sabbath) so beautifully, that comparison was inevitable.

Other newcomers were Fritzi Scheff, whose best work was accomplished in *La Bohême;* Louise Homer, M. Journet and M. Gilibert, who demonstrated capacity and general usefulness, and Imbart de la Tour, a tenor, who appeared at a popular performance of *Aïda* early in the season and went home abruptly.

Of the work of the singers with whom we are familiar—Nordica, Madame Schumann-Heink, David Bispham, Dippel,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Campanari, Van Dyck, Suzanne Adams and Gadski—there is little to say. Nordica's Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni* was particularly fine; Bispham revealed his customary appreciation of his Wagnerian rôles; Campanari entered into the spirit of *La Bohême* with enthusiasm; Dippel gave his careful rendering of Siegfried, Lohengrin and other parts; Van Dyck appeared in his best rôle—mischievous, malicious, flickering Loge; and Gadski sang Donna Elvira, Aïda and Santuzza for the first time.

During the first cycle of the Ring dramas Moran Olden, one of the Wagnerian singers of the early days, sang Fricke. Edouard de Reszké and Bertram appeared as Wotan this season; Nordica as Brünnhilde; Van Dyck and Gadski, the ill-starred Wälsungs; Schumann-Heink, Erda, Fricka and Waltraute; Blass, Hunding and Hagen; Dippel, Siegfried; Hubbenet, Mimi, Bispham, Alberich; Fritzi Scheff, Freia, and the Bird; Susan Strong, Gutrune; Muhlmann, Gunther; and Blass and Journet, Pasolt and Fafner. The cycle was given twice.

As a whole, the Wagnerian performances were unsatisfactory. Wagner's glory in New York apparently died with Anton Seidl. The orchestra—the true delight of these works—no longer heaves up its massive climaxes like wave on wave breaking with brilliant light or sombre warnings of fate; the numerous melodies no longer sound from every instrument with individual voice and strange and varied contrasts—in short, the Wagnerian orchestra is now a memory. Although Mr. Damrosch knows the scores intimately, rhythm and variety and sonority were often absent from the orchestra this year. The best performance of the Wagner works was that of Tristan with Jean de Reszké, Edouard de Reszké, Ternina (and Nordica), Bispham and Schumann-Heink. Some of the performances of *Lohengrin* were serious and excellent, with better stage-setting than that of last season. The exit of Lohengrin and Elsa on the shields of the Saxon and Brabançon knights was made according to Wagner's own directions, and as it used to be done at the Metropolitan Opera House in the old days of Seidl and Stanton.

The scene in the grotto of Venus in Tannhäuser was set with some very unWagnerian trimmings in the matter of *tableaux* and *coryphées*.

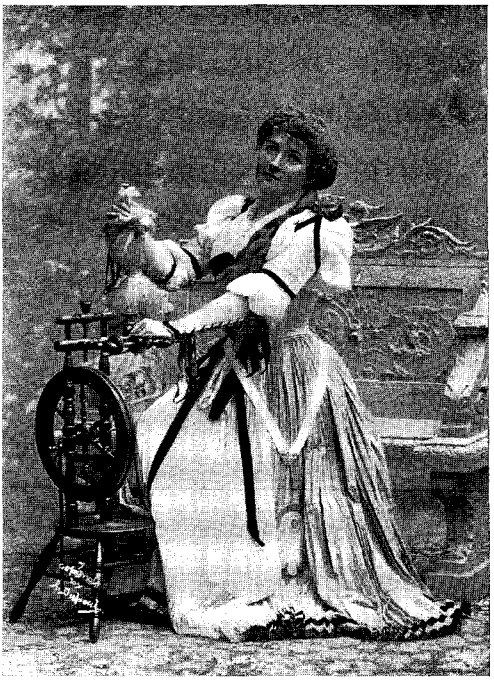
A fine performance of *Die Götterdämmerung* was given on March 27, with Jean de Reszké as Siegfried, Edouard de Reszké, Hagen, and Nordica as Brünnhilde. The other rôles were filled by unimportant singers. The best performance of *Les Huguenot* (March 4) brought forth in the cast Nordica as Valentine; Melba as Marguerite de Valois; Scotti, as De Nevers; Plançon, St. Bris; Jean de Reszké, as Raoul; Journet, as Marcel; and Louise Homer, as the Page.

The subjects of two of the novelties possess a literary interest quite apart from the music. *La Bohême,* given on

MILKA TERNINA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOUISE HOMER AS AMNERIS IN "AÏDA."



MARGARET MACINTYRE AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST."

December 26, with Melba as Mimi; Saléza, Rodolfo; Campanari, Marcello; Gilibert, Schaunard, Journet, Colline and Occhiolini, as Musetta (in place of Miss Scheff), is, of course, drawn from Murger's *La Vie de Bohême,* descriptive of Bohemian life in the Latin Quarter in 1830. The work had every chance of success, for it was well acted, well sung, and well staged, especially the scene of the Café Momus. Melba's impersonation of the pathetic Mimi, around whom the action revolves, was accomplished with fidelity to the character. Puccini's work is full of melody, and the orchestra is made so loquacious and vivacious, that it is easy to see the influence of the great Italian whom he selected for his master.

Notwithstanding the lack of interest in the heroine, whose attractions under the treatment of a lesser singer than Melba would be slight, *La Bohême* is far more likely to keep the stage than the sensational and brutal *La Tosca,* given for the first time on February 4.

La Tosca is, of course, Puccini's version of Sardou's play, made so familiar through Sarah Bernhardt. Although the libretto has been condensed from five acts to three and a few of the episodes transposed, the story is still Sardou's, and, despite the labour Puccini has bestowed upon the score, the interest is concentrated almost exclusively upon the dramatic situations and scenes, and upon the acting rather than the singing of the principal characters. The music is elaborate, with a prolific use of pealing organ and bells of several kinds. Some of the scenes, especially that of the torture, are cruel and repulsive. The Sacristan's music in the Church of Sant' Andrea alla Valle and the duet between the lovers afford pleasing melodies. The opera was well staged, and distant Rome seen from the Castle of St. Angelo made an effective picture. Ternina as Floria Tosca and Scotti as Il Barone Scarpia sustained the reputation they achieved when they acted these parts in London last summer under Puccini's direction. The other rôles were as follows: Cavardossi, Cremonini; the Sacristan, Gilibert; Angelotti, Dufriche; and the Shepherd, Carrie Bridewell.

Just as *La Tosca* was the occasion of Ternina and Scotti distinguishing themselves, *Salammbô* was Saléza's and Breval's opera. For any librettist to select

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

special scenes from the stupendous mass of material in Flaubert's great book is a marvel; that any composer could hope to annotate in musical tones and motives the story of the theft of the sacred veil of Tanit and the tragic love a barbarian warrior has for Hamilcar's daughter, Salammbô, in an atmosphere of cassia trees, clepsydras, flambeaux, gold tiaras, peacock headdresses, purple canopies, golden anklets, velvet tunics, snowy mantles, blue amphoras, lyres, tambourines, armies of Greeks, Campanians, Samnites, Iberians, Etruscans, and Numidians, carcasses of elephants, lions and men lying upon the plains, helmets filled with dusty skulls, wedding-feasts, processions, etc., would seem a hopeless task. Reyer was undaunted, and the work has kept the stage since its first performance in Brussels in 1890. There is one sentence in Flaubert's book that certainly would have tempted any follower of the Wagnerian school, if not the master himself. This occurs during the meeting of Salammbô with Narr' Havas, when, "for a long time they looked at one another in silence."

The opera was staged with much care, and we should mention here that the scenes were mounted according to the direction of M. Saléza, who created the rôle of Matho at the first representation of the work. There were eight scenes: The Gardens of Hamilcar's Palace; The Temple of Tanit; The Temple of Moloch; The Terrace of Salammbô; The Camp of the Mercenaries; The Tent of Matho; The Field of Battle; and The Forum. Although the original ending of the story has been changed, both the lovers stabbing themselves in the operatic version, the terrible fall of Matho was retained. M. Saléza's heroic tumble quite outshone Hunding's fall in *Die Walküre*. Flaubert's story says: "The stairway of the Acropolis had sixty steps; he descended them with a pitch forward, as if he was rolled in a torrent from the top of a mountain." Those who saw the opera will remember how closely this description was followed. Mlle. Bréval represented Salammbô with hieratic attitudes and fine costumes; Saléza sang Matho; Journet, Narr' Havas; Scotti, Hamilcar; Gilibert, Giscon; Dufriche, Anthrarite; Sizes, Spendius; and Carrie Bridewell, Taanach. The list of operas given, including the popular Saturday-night performances, was as follows: *Lohengrin,* eight times; *Faust,* seven; *Romeo and Juliet, Tannhäuser, Die Walküre, La Bohême,* and *Cavalleria Rusticana,* each five; *Tristan and Isolde, Les Huguenots,* and *La Tosca,* four;

JOHANNA GADSKI.

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK.

FRITZI SCHEFF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DAVID BISPHAM AS KURWENAL IN "TRISTAN AND ISOLDE."

ANDRÉAS DIPPEL AS LOHENGRIN.

CARRIE BRIDEWELL.

SUZANNE ADAMS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALBERT SALÉZA IN "LA BOHÊME."

Aïda, Die Meistersinger, Die Götterdämmerung, Le Cid, Lucia di Lammermoor, and *Salammbô,* three; *L'Africaine, Mefistofele, Don Giovanni, Rigoletto, Das Rheingold, Siegfried,* and *The Flying Dutchman,* two; and *Trovatore, Carmen, Traviata* and *I Pagliacci,* one.

It would seem from the record that *Lohengrin* is the most popular opera in the Grau repertory, that *La Bohême* stands above *Tristan and Isolde, Siegfried* and *Carmen* in the affections of the musical public, and that *Romeo and Juliet* is preferred to the *Meistersinger, Don Giovanni* and *Aïda.* It would be valuable and interesting if the number of representations that an opera receives indicated public demand for it, but such is not the case. In the first place the singers have something to say. Upon signing their contracts, they not infrequently insist that they shall appear a certain number of times in their new or favourite rôles, and one singer even demanded this year that one of the novelties should have a given number of performances, and so, whether the public wanted it or not, this work had to be performed. Again, with a season running simultaneously in Philadelphia—a regrettable fact, as the constant drawing upon the forces of the Metropolitan greatly interferes with the artistic work in New York—made the selection of the week's repertory dependent upon what singers were available *Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, Faust,* and *Romeo and Juliet* were the easiest works to give; nearly all the singers in the company know the parts and no rehearsals are necessary. To say that such a work as *Don Giovanni* is not popular would be an error: two seasons ago, with Maurel, Lehmann, Nordica, Sembrich and Edouard de Reszké, Mozart's masterpiece packed the Opera House. This year it suffered two cruel performances, only relieved by Nordica's superb presentation of Donna Anna and Manchinelli's sympathetic conducting. The spirit of Mozart was absent; even Edouard de Reszké's Leporello fell far below his usual portrayal of this character. The performance of *Die Meistersinger* on February 20 was as crude and lifeless as those of *Don Giovanni.* A great deal has been written and said regarding the "star system" and laying the blame of the present manner of representing operas upon the presence of great singers in the company. When the German opera, and more especially the Wagnerian works, reached their height of excellence in this city, they were not only correctly and beautifully staged, but there was a star orchestra, a star chorus, a star conductor, and

MADEMOISELLE BRÉVAL AS CHIMÈNE IN "LE CID."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LILLIAN NORDICA.

ERNEST VAN DYCK AS TRISTAN.

such interpreters as Lehmann, Brandt, Fischer, and Alvary, with a sufficient number of capable second and third rate singers—some of these far superior to the lesser lights of Mr. Grau's company. In a city of the size, the ambitions, and the reputation of New York, the representation of great musical works should be a matter of civic pride. We should have the best performances, the best singers, the best stage-setting, the best orchestra, and the best conductor in the world. If we demanded this, we should have it. In an age of large ideas and generous expenditure of money, faultless opera is certainly possible. Our standards should be elevated and we should be merciless in our criticism of slovenly work, so that the opera season may become one in which we take delight, and to which we look back with pride and satisfaction.

Esther Singleton.

THE INNER CIRCLE

Cecilia was dressing for the ball. She was feeling particularly well pleased with herself, notwithstanding the fact that the curling iron had slipped and burned her ear. The angry red spot did not matter at all, as Cecilia had the Latin Quarter fever; she did not show her ears. She hung her hand-glass on a nail in the middle of the casement window, and pulled her hair still lower. Standing on a stool, she could get a full view of herself in the mirror over the mantel, from the part in her hair to the tips of her yellow satin slippers, which were the finishing touch to the elaborate costume. The bilious satin folds of her gown were "ungirt from clasp to hem," and Cecilia, gazing critically at it by the light of three spluttering candles, decided with great satisfaction that the cotton back gave a soft effect that silk would never give, and that the slippers caught the light in a most artistic way. It would have been nice to have yellow stockings; but the black ones

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

did not show very much and, at any rate, she was sure to be more picturesque than the other girls.

Cecilia had not always been Cecilia. She began life as Lizzie. When she forsook the cheery rooms over the prosperous grocery shop in Pokagon, Michigan, "Lizzie" remained in those same cheery rooms and she became Miss L. Meacham. It was not until two years later, when she had left New York and the Art Student's League far behind, that she emerged from the chrysalis into the full glory of Cecilia. Not that she particularly liked the name, but it had a soulful sound; and each time she heard it uttered brought before her eyes the beautiful Botticelli lady whom she was said to resemble. Who ever heard of a Botticelli lady named Lizzie? Then what would posterity think of pictures with such a signature? She could not be dragged down all her life by the weight of her name. It was clearly impossible; and Cecilia's intensity did not prevent her from dealing in a very practical manner with what she termed impossibilities. It had, indeed, overruled her prosaic old father's objections to her artistic career to such an extent that to him, as well as to the rest of the inhabitants of Pokagon, Art and Paris spelled the simple word Lizzie—Cecilia being as yet beyond their mental grasp.

The hair over the ears was not the only mark that the ravages of the Latin Quarter fever had left on Cecilia. She wore her gowns all in one piece, a dark blue *capuchon,* and a *béret,* and mislaid her corsets. She spoke knowingly of "values" and "effects;" she had learned to regard Greuze with the proper amount of contempt, and went in heavily for Botticelli and Velasquez. She had picked up a certain amount of French, which she spoke with an accent, or, to quote the *concierge, "comme une vache Espagnole."* And last, but by no means least, she felt the prickings of genius to such an extent that her soul burst forth in water-colours and pastels of an unhealthy hue, presenting neurotic-looking young women in all stages of nudity (noticeably the last stage), with long necks and longer fingers, and in extraordinary postures. The more impossible the attitudes, the more was she and all of her kind convinced of her genius. Some latent common-sense prevented her from sending these attempts to Pokagon, however. The people there were not cultivated enough to appreciate them, she said to herself; but underneath her veneer she had a dim consciousness that a request for her presence in the bosom of her family would have been sent upon the receipt of even a single one of her sketches. In the Quarter she had her admirers and even her imitators.

Now she was going to a ball that was to take place at Madame Vitey's, the *atelier* where the classes met. The little Italian woman had loaned it for the occasion; and all the morning the girls had been covering the disfigured walls with the borrowed finery of many studios, and trying to coax the rough floors to a dancing condition by scraping wax candles over every inch of them. Cecilia expected great things from this ball. To begin with, it was her first. She had, of course, attended all of the sociables in her native town, and more than once had impersonated Rebecca at the lemonade-well, which was the centre of attraction at the church fairs. But this was the first time she had worn a low-necked gown and left her arms bare. She observed complacently, as she shrugged her shoulders well out of her gown, that her neck showed the æsthetic amount of bone, and she wondered what her escort would think of her appearance. She would not care to be thought pretty, but surely he would compare her to one of the old masters. She gave a little tug at her hair as this thought came to her, and proceeded to rearrange the dismantled studio as best she could. At the first sound of a light rap she glided to the door and opened it, flinging herself rapturously into the arms of the girl who stood there.

"Oh, *Gra*-a-ce!"

"Ce-*ci*-lia!"

"How sweet you are! What a gown! Flora from the Primavera! *Ness par?*" gasped Grace, addressing her remarks to a small group of girls and young men who had followed her into the room and were gazing at Cecilia with wrapt admiration.

"So æsthetic!"

"What meaning in those lines!"

"Just like one of your own sketches!"

Cecilia, looking highly gratified at this last doubtful compliment, which was, however, given without an ***arrière pensée,***

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pulled off her friend's cloak in order to see the costume underneath, which was duly admired. Grace was a large billowy girl without the courage of her convictions. She could and did rave about nudity with the rest of them, but she was a little more shy about carrying it into practice. She was clothed in a limp white gown that had shrunk so that it formed scallops around the bottom and was cut out a little in the neck. The other two girls wore dark gowns which satisfied the proprieties, and therefore were not remarkable. The men wore *capuchons* and *bérets* like the girls, flowing black ties, long hair, and beards when it was possible. They walked about the studio, commenting on the drawings pinned on the walls, while Grace assisted Cecilia with her outer garments. Presently the girls were ready, one of the men blew out the candles, and the party groped along in single file down the ill-lighted stairs, Cecilia taking the precaution to hide a candle-end and a few matches just inside the outer door in a well-known nook, in order to be able to see her way upstairs when she returned long after the lights were extinguished. Cecilia's escort, Frank Crump, a tall young man with washed-out blue eyes far apart, lank hair, and a straggling beard, was suffering under the unaccustomed misery of a stiff white shirt with a tucked front. He took the package containing the slippers and put his arm through hers, pressing it to his side.

"You look like the incarnation of youth," he whispered. "I couldn't tell you before the others, but you will outshine them all."

Cecilia rewarded him with her most intense look, and, like others of her sex, believed. Speech was impossible; not that she was overcome with emotion, but she held the money for the omnibus fare between her teeth. Money, she was quite aware, is not clean; she was unwilling to soil her gloves with the contact; she was equally unwilling to give it to Crump for safe-keeping, as even in Bohemia there is etiquette of a certain kind; each one pays his fare for himself.

They walked down the Rue Vercingétorix into the Rue de la Gaîté, where they were forced to walk in the middle of the street, the narrow sidewalks being so crowded. In the Avenue du Maine they hailed an omnibus and climbed to the top, expatiating on the beauties of the night and, incidentally, saving three sous each. The Frenchmen looked at them curiously; then, shrugging their shoulders and saying, "*les Anglaises,*" resumed their own conversations about nothing at all. Arriving at the *atelier,* the girls and men parted to go to the separate dressing-rooms, and from the one set apart for the girls Cecilia presently emerged, resplendent. The dancing had begun. A girl with more good-will than ability was rattling off a waltz at the piano. Most of those who could dance were doing so; others sat around on stools placed against the wall talking their eternal art jargon; a few men stood in the doorway nervously fingering the insides of their pockets, for the most part empty, as if trying to collect the requisite amount of courage to ask some one to dance.

Cecilia was having the time of her life. She felt as though her feet had wings; they scarcely touched the rough, splintered floor, which, notwithstanding, had already ruined the yellow slippers. She knew it, but what were a pair of satin slippers in comparison with a sensation such as she was creating? All eyes were upon her. Her friends showered her with compliments. The only ones who were silent were the envious.

A party had just come in. She recognised two girls who worked in the *atelier,* but whom she had always regarded with good-natured contempt as being addicted to stiff and fashionable clothes, and who studied art only as a pastime. With them were a couple of older women and several men, who were conspicuous by reason of the contrast between them and the other men present. All were in the evening clothes of the Philistines, and all were plainly bent on having a good time. Cecilia remarked that one of the young men glanced frequently in her direction. She was conscious that the entire party had noticed her, but this particular man gazed more than the others. They were worldly, these people, and did not deserve her attention; but over and over again she found her eyes and her thoughts wandering to the corner where they sat. *He* had curly, close-clipped hair and large dark eyes; he was very gay when dancing with those girls; but when she caught his eye, the frivolous expression seemed to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

change, and she felt that under the proper influence he might come to realise the true meaning of life.

She had talked with a number of men she had never seen before, all of them men with "serious" thoughts. Some of them she might have liked had she been able to centre her attention on them, instead of on the dream she was beginning to weave—a dream wherein her earnestness was teaching a Philistine better things—teaching him to *live*. The room was so crowded that it was impossible to dance with enjoyment. Cecilia, breathless from the jostling, had sent an especial admirer elbowing his way through the crowd to get her a glass of lemonade, and was sitting on a stool in the midst of a number of people, who were too much interested in themselves to notice her. Presently the couple immediately in front got up and moved off. The seats were promptly taken by the object of her thoughts and one of the girls who had brought him there. They were very near, too near to observe her, and she could hear their entire conversation.

"I say, Marion, this is more fun than a barrel of monkeys, and the joke of it is they think *we're* the show," he was saying.

"Oh, I always told you how it was, Phil, but you thought I was making a good story. They really are a little extra lugubrious to-night, though, being *en fête*," laughed the girl.

"They're great! Do you suppose they always keep it up? Take that snuff-coloured row against the sea-sick wall. Ye gods! If they feel so badly, why didn't they stay at home?"

"Hush, Phil, they'll hear you," she urged.

"Hear me? Not they! I'm ashamed of you for suggesting such a thing! Their souls are way up—up—well, I can't exactly find them, but they're up. Look at 'em! They loll over as if they'd lost their vertebræ with their whalebones. And did you ever see such an unblushing, bare-faced, bare-necked way of showing their bones? I don't see the little girl who reminds me of Solomon, or, rather, who outdoes that gorgeous gentleman. The one in the yellow bed-gown, you know."

Cecilia was aghast. Such a total lack of appreciation of the beautiful! What girl in yellow did he mean? She did not remember having seen any one in yellow. Could he mean—but no—he said "bed-gown."

"She's a peach! We've been having soul-to-soul looks all the evening. If she'd only get out of her night-clothes into a decent frock, and comb her hair she wouldn't be so bad-looking. Introduce me, won't you, Marion? I'd like to have some soul-to-soul talks, I'm tired of looks."

"Do stop, Phil; they certainly will hear you. I can't introduce you. I don't even know her name; but it isn't necessary here; just go up and speak to her if you really want to," she answered.

"All right, I'm off. Here's Jimmy! I say, Jim, watch me float by with the golden lily. Ta ta!" And waving his hand, he disappeared.

Cecilia was rigid. This, then, was why they had come to the ball. Incapable of seriousness themselves, they mocked at it in others. She wanted to turn and say something to that girl with the insipid, meaningless face, who even now was laughing with the newcomer—perhaps at her. But no, she would be revenged, or at least she would show that young man that when she chose she could be as much of a woman of the world as his silly friend; she would rebuke him as he deserved. So, in their world introductions were necessary. She had never thought of such a thing. In Pokagon she knew every one, and in the Quarter—well, that was Bohemia. But inasmuch as it *was* customary in his town, he should know that she resented his speaking to her. She was white with rage and wounded pride, and gladly seized the arm of the sad-eyed youth who came to claim her. She guided their footsteps to the other side of the room, where she saw *him* standing. What should she say? Her rebuff must be dignified and pointed, making him feel that she was not to be trifled with. She must show him that the formalities of *his* world were not unknown to her, and that she could, on occasion, condescend to observe them; but above all, he must understand that freedom in *hers* was only for the elect. He saw her coming, and quickly taking a few steps forward, made a sweeping bow.

"May I have the pleasure?" he said.

Cecilia looked at him coldly. Then she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drew herself to her full height. She spoke with all the scorn of which she was capable.

"Sir, this is no harem."

He looked at her in utter amazement, and then bit his lip.

"I beg your pardon; I've made a mistake."

He bowed once more and crossed the room.

She watched him join his friends, talk for a few moments, and then, to her great surprise, they all burst out laughing. No doubt he was making some stupid joke to cover his chagrin; he would not, of course, want them to know of his rebuff. She *had* been pretty hard on him, but her dignity was very dear to her. After all, he had spoken in his ignorance. Art teaches so much. Now that she had administered the rebuke she was inclined to be indulgent and to forgive. If he came again she might even smile. If—

Vallory Roudebush.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

I.

It is almost too good to be believed, but here is Mr. Israel U. Sage again after all these years! Attracted by the savour of our approaching Letter-Box Banquet, he has come forth once more into the light and has sent us a letter in which we recognise all his old-time characteristics—his beautiful assurance that he used to get the better of us, his fondness for long words, and his neat little epistolary stabs. He used to grumble at us in the old days because we summarised his letters; but we are so glad to see him back again that we are going to print his present one in full with the exception of one single personal reference. In fact, in the heartiness of our welcome we would print anything of his in full unless, perhaps, he were to send us a colonial novel. Here is what he has to say:

Sir: I have noted with great pride and pleasure the primacy of reference and preference with which you crown my epistolary New Year, and I assure you that all my recollections of our intercourse are absolutely benignant. I am incapable of nursing animosity against a worsted antagonist; and it is a tribute to the binocular adroitness of us both that my *fallere sollers* pædagogy has not disturbed your complacency.

Mrs. Sage and I will certainly share your love-feast; and, if you insist on segregating us, we apply for a tête-à-tête sofa under the mistletoe: that will remind us that love is more than learning; and there we shall know what to do with the editorial cheek. The occasion will be climacteric; but it is not the first fun I have had at your expense by several jugfuls!

The banquet will serve another purpose than laying the ghosts of past controversies: it will be like hanging bunches of tail-tied cats over a clothes-line. After the ball, the Editor will not need to forgive his enemies, because he will have none of the old crop left. To guarantee this result, I suggest the game of "Getting Ahead of the Editor." Properly contrived, it will result in a reciprocal hari-kari.

Mrs. Sage is almost well again. She was recovering slowly from your vicious pronouncements on the relative concord—in answer to the lady from Rahway, who writes on pale blue paper, etc.—when she was prostrated by your squabble with the *Critic* on "late nights." She is convalescing, but still shudders to think that even a revolving editorial Janus can confound an indefinite genitive singular with an ordinary accusative plural. You see, she judges all men by her husband.

My address is not Gramercy *Park,* but Gramercy Square: the localities are very different; and I want my grammar, like my other interests, always on the square.

With great expectations and with reasonable expectancy, I am, dear sir,

Ever truly yours,

Israel U. Sage.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Sage is shuddering, but it is her own fault for not reading more carefully what we wrote about "late nights." The general contention of the *Critic* was against the adverbial use of the noun in any case, and in favour of the use of prepositions to denote all temporal relations. Therefore, we cited instances of the accusative

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plural denoting duration of time, and we cited also instances of the genitive of indefinite frequency, quoting Mr. Lowell's reference to the German *nachts*, which was, of course, originally a genitive. But why explain these things to Mr. Sage? It was always his habit to make his points without any particular reference to what we actually said; and, on the whole, we shouldn't like him to be any different. He has come back; and, therefore, all shall be forgiven.

II.

But the really happy moment of the month came to us when we received a post-card written by the lady from Pittsfield. She doesn't sign her name to it; but the postmark and the familiar writing are unmistakable. She is not wholly pacified, and the last sentence gives us little creepy feelings; but it is something that she has written at all. Here is her communication:

The writer of this is far too devoted an admirer of Grover Cleveland to believe that he will wish credit for the ownership of other people's jewels; but if the writer of "Chronicle and Comment" doesn't have ghostly visitations from Charles Kingsley, it will be because Charles doesn't mind being robbed, or—because THE BOOKMAN is not recognised in his present abode. Oh, there will be plenty to talk about at that "tenth Christmas dinner!"

The first part of this communication is, at first sight, a little cryptic; but it presumably refers to our statement that Mr. Cleveland used the expression "One grand, sweet song." We didn't say that he invented it, but he *did* employ it—and made it better known by doing so.

III.

Miss Carolyn Wells, who still uses pale blue stationery, writes to ask whether in our opinion the word "pork" rhymes with "fork." Very likely this is simply a little pleasantry on the part of Miss Wells; for, of course, so critical a student of rhyme as she has shown herself to be does not really need any information from us upon the subject. Her carefully trained ear will sufficiently assure her that the words about which she asks do rhyme, but they rhyme imperfectly, owing to the different quality of the vowel sound in each. We respectfully refer her to a paper on the subject of Rhyme by Professor Brander Matthews, published in this magazine some time ago. Miss Wells also incidentally, and in a subtly feminine way, implies that she has been looking for a special invitation to THE BOOKMAN Banquet; but she ought to know that we should never think of sending her a special invitation to any function with which THE BOOKMAN has to do, but we hereby transmit to her a general and enthusiastic invitation to everything.

IV.

A very courteous English gentleman who writes from Great Russell Street, London, has some criticisms and comments to make. We publish them in full.

To THE BOOKMAN:

As I delight to read your magazine when it arrives in this country, may I be permitted, as an Englishman, to protest against the comments made, in every number, upon our nation and its institutions. They add no dignity to your periodical and create much wonder in our circles. I take the present month's issue, and on page 82 I read:

"Americans are not willing that their country should play in Cuba the part that England has played in Egypt, nor to give the world a chance to cry out the bitter taunt which mocks at 'Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy.'"

Nothing can sound more childish to English ears than this. Does a hypocrite ever shed his blood for the sake of his hypocrisy? After General Gordon's death we had to do our duty in that country, and we have, I think, done it well. (I object to "nor" in the sentence and to the tautological expression "taunt which mocks," but they can be forgiven.)

Then on the same page I read:

"A people so intensely national and so contemptuously anti-foreign as the English."

This to us sounds ridiculous. We are cosmopolitan. Our sympathies are with all, and, if necessary, we protect the righteous. Witness our admiration of your pluck against Spain when we said, "Hands off" to all Europe. Then again I read:

"In order to find anything like British blood in Edward VII.'s pedigree one must go back several centuries to the House of Stuart—which was Scotch—or still further to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

House of Tudor—which was Welsh—or to the House of Plantagenet—which was Norman-French. It is a curious instance of the irony of history that the English people, of all others, should be ruled by foreigners!"

Ruled by foreigners! Can anything be more exasperating to English ears? We rule ourselves as much as you do and have a freer constitution than yours, because it is not fixed. As you had to resist George III., so, as a people, had we. And let me remind the writer that the Normans were Anglo-Saxon, the Tudor, Henry V., Anglo-Saxon, and the Southern Scotch are Anglo-Saxon, and it is only because Edward VII. has Anglo-Saxon blood in his body that he occupies the throne. The monarch has still a value with us, but not as a *ruler*.

Intelligent criticism on one another is necessary; but such extracts as I have given can only be written to annoy. They certainly cast discredit upon your interesting magazine.

We trust that our correspondent will not take offence if we say that his letter admirably illustrates how utterly impossible it is for Englishmen to view in a spirit of detachment anything which concerns themselves. If any one fails to applaud every blessed thing they do, then they immediately set him down as actuated by conscious malice. For our part, we regard the British Empire as the most effective instrument of the highest civilisation that the world has ever seen. That fact, however, does not blind us to the other fact that English statesmen are not infallible nor even always thoroughly sincere. In the matter of Egypt, England occupied that country under the distinct pledge to withdraw from it so soon as order should have been established and its government set upon a stable basis. The pledge has never been repudiated, but the performance of it has. No Englishman to-day will seriously tell you that the occupation of Egypt is anything but a permanent one; and when you remind him of the solemn promise made so many years ago, he will inform you that it is necessary to break that promise for Egypt's good, or, to use our correspondent's words, "to protect the righteous." England, in fact, is always protecting the righteous—for a consideration; and it doesn't make the slightest bit of difference whether the righteous want to be protected or not. As a matter of fact, this protection of the righteous often consists in taking them by the scruff of their necks and slamming them around—of course, always for their own good. There is something very holy about this to an Englishman; and that is why he will shed his blood for it, or for what there is "in it." But the rest of the world doesn't always see this in precisely the same way, and will insist on saying things that are not reverent.

As to the amount of Anglo-Saxon blood in the veins of Edward VII., we fear that our correspondent needs to study up a treatise on ethnology, especially as regards the Normans. Finally, when he describes the English people as "cosmopolitan" there is something so genuinely pathetic about his delusion that we almost weep. In sober truth, all the strength and force and effectiveness of the English people come from the fact that they are not cosmopolitan, that they never can be, and that their intense nationalism is just what makes them able to face all the world with supreme and unshaken confidence. If this nationalism is incidentally responsible for certain traits and attributes which sometimes excite dislike among other peoples, this is only saying that a nation, like a man, must necessarily possess the defects of his qualities. It is probably because we admire England so immensely that we can't for the life of us keep from writing about her all the time, even though unfortunately in doing so we fail to please some English readers, for whom, as for our present correspondent, we cherish feelings of profound esteem.

V.

A note undated and anonymous:

How can a cow crunch salt between her teeth when cows have teeth only in one jaw?

How indeed? We don't know anything about cows.

VI.

The same old relative-concord question in another form:

In the January issue of THE BOOKMAN, in answer to a query concerning *Studies in the Psychology of Women*, you state (page 516) . . . to review it . . . would be unfair to one of the most remarkable books that have ap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peared in the last ten years. Why not "has" instead of "have"? Is not the subject of this sentence singular and not plural?

Suppose we turn this sentence around. "Of the most remarkable books that have appeared in the last ten years it would be unfair to review one in the space of a few columns." We have here supplied the words which our correspondent has omitted, and have also sufficiently shown that the antecedent of the relative pronoun is "books" and not "one."

VII.

Another linguistic letter, this time from Baltimore:

In THE BOOKMAN for March, pages 9-10, I find a statement so utterly at variance with your characteristic accuracy in the sphere of linguistic history, that I cannot forbear to direct attention to it and request a recantation in the interest of truth and philological soberness. Thackeray's *Henry Esmond* is marked by a number of essential deviations in phrase and idiom from the standard or classical English of Queen Anne's age—our so-called Augustan era. Notable among these anachronisms is the repeated introduction of the passive progressive form of the verb, "is being done," "is being built," etc., of which there is a conspicuous illustration in the very first page of the story. This form of expression never began even to develop in written English until 1769-79, and was not accorded complete recognition until the nineteenth century was advancing toward maturity. A number of exceptions to this might be cited from Fitzedward Hall's *Modern English*, but the passive progressive form is the most flagrant illustration of Thackeray's departures from the standard which his artistic imagination had erected, but failed to attain.

If our correspondent will forgive us for having overlooked Thackeray's passive progressive, we will try to forgive her for using the retained object, "was not accorded complete recognition."

VIII.

Speaking of Fitzedward Hall reminds us that we have received a post-card from Brooklyn signed "Aristarchus," suggesting that we ought to have published a notice of him a month or two ago. We think that we ought; and if our correspondent (whose chirography we recognise) will write an appreciation of that distinguished scholar, we shall be very happy to accept it for publication. There is no one who could treat the subject with more insight, sympathy, and discrimination.

IX.

A query from Springfield, Ohio.

Is it true that Edgar Saltus's correct name is Daniel Lyons? A local paper so says. If not, is Saltus his correct name or a *nom de plume*, and if the latter, what is his real name?

Edgar Saltus is his correct name.

X.

A lover of poetry who lives in Toledo, Ohio, sends us the following:

Among the shorter titles in your March number, the book of poems *Day Dreams*, by Ida Eckert Lawrence, received a brief though favourable mention. May I ask for a critical opinion of this work in some future issue?

No, please don't ask it.

XI.

A correspondent in Omaha, Nebraska, wonders at our mention in the March number of Joe Sibley as a character in *Trilby*. We advise him to read our paragraph over again more carefully, and then to compare the text of *Trilby* as that story appeared in *Harper's Magazine* with the text of the same story as it appeared in book form.

XII.

A resident of El Paso, Texas, asks us to give him the title of the best book of quotations. In our opinion, the best book of quotations is that entitled *The Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations*, edited by J. K. Hoyt, and published by Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, of this city, in 1896.

XIII.

A reader takes up the cudgels in defence of Professor Lounsbury and Professor Brander Matthews. He writes:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In your March number, after quoting Professor Lounsbury as saying that there is a rule of Latin syntax that two or more substantives joined by a copulative require the verb to be in the plural, you remark "there is no such rule of Latin syntax as he has described above, nor would the usage of the Roman writers justify the making of it." Now in Gildersleeve's *Latin Grammar,* revised by Lodge, on page 182 I find the following rule: "The common predicate of two or more subjects is put in the plural number." Is not this "a rule of Latin syntax"?

We did not say that there is no such rule of Latin syntax, but that there is "no such hard-and-fast rule of Latin syntax." The reference made by our reader to the Gildersleeve-Lodge grammar is particularly unfortunate for our correspondent, because immediately after the rule which he quotes there follow any number of exceptions which go to show that the usage of the Latin is precisely that of the older English in regularly allowing two abstract nouns in combination and when conceived of as a unit to take the singular verb. The authors also fully illustrate this point by citations from the King James version of the Bible; so that our correspondent will see that Professor Lounsbury's theory is all wrong in attributing the change in English usage to the influence of the Latin. As a matter of fact, if Kipling's line, "The tumult and the shouting dies," were to be turned into Latin by a competent hand, the singular verb would most certainly be employed in the Latin as in the English.

XIV.

The following question is put by a gentleman from Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Who was the "Dr. Fell" of the familiar quotation? Was he an actual personage or do the lines about him come from some poem in which he is an imaginary character?

Dr. John Fell was Dean of Christ Church and also Bishop of Oxford from 1676 to 1686, when he died. The famous lines that were written about him:

> I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell,
> But this I know and know full well,
> I do not like thee, Dr. Fell—

were composed by Tom Brown while a student at Christ Church. The lines, however, were not precisely original, but were suggested to Brown either by an epigram of Martial (1.32), or by a rhyme found in Thomas Forde's *Virtus Redi-viva,* which runs:

> I love thee not, Nell,
> But why I can't tell.

XV.

There is some one up in Manchester, New Hampshire, who possesses a style that is icily polite. He says:

I have been reading the April number of THE BOOKMAN, and it would afford me extreme gratification to know just why you should insert a coloured illustration in the middle of your magazine.

It would afford us equal gratification to know just why we should not.

HERE AND THERE

I.

The Boers Again.

Several months ago we received a number of letters from English and Canadian correspondents, all of them written in the spirit of triumph engendered in British souls by the relief of Ladysmith and Mafeking and the downfall of Bloemfontein and Pretoria. We did not publish these letters at the time, not because we took any exception to the personal references which they contained to our previous remarks upon the subject of the Boer War, but purely out of consideration for their writers. We felt then what we know now, that the end had not yet come, and that the tone of triumph and the frankly uttered taunt were premature. In this we were right; for long after Pretoria had fallen and after both of the capitals of the two Republics had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been occupied by British armies, the world was destined to behold the extraordinary spectacle of Cape Town stricken with a panic fear, the hasty landing of men and guns from the British fleet, and the erection of makeshift fortifications to protect that terror-stricken port from the threatened swoop of a daring leader who outwitted half a dozen English generals, eluded easily their vastly superior forces, and came and went almost as he pleased through the colony which Englishmen had fondly hoped that they had made inviolate. No less extraordinary was the fact that after England had proclaimed the annexation of the Boer territories, and after Lord Roberts had officially declared the war to have reached its end, Lord Kitchener was cabling emphatic appeals to the home government for an addition of forty thousand troops to the quarter of a million British soldiers already in South Africa. Then came also what must have been the most humiliating necessity of all—the indefinite postponement of the thanksgiving service which had been ordered to be celebrated in St. Paul's Cathedral to signalise the final triumph of the British arms. Perhaps, on the whole, our correspondents are now more or less contented with our neglect to publish the letters which they wrote.

England, indeed, is suffering the penalties that are bound to follow the prosecution of an unjust war. That the war against the Boer Republics was essentially unjust is a fact which pretty nearly all the world outside of England and also a large minority of the English people see very plainly at the present time. Its injustice was, indeed, sufficiently apparent at the outset; but Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Rhodes and the Jingo element in general cared nothing for the injustice, since they believed that in this case injustice was entirely safe. To their imaginations the war would be a matter of a month or two—just one of England's "little wars"—a war in which a few picked regiments of British troops would overthrow the rude militia of the Boers with perfect ease, and which would end in the enrichment of a little nest of speculators and in the grabbing of some most productive mines. The people of England were in no way responsible for the criminal aggression that led to this iniquitous and lamentable contest, though upon them have fallen heavily the burdens which it has entailed. Historians of the future will search long before they can find a more striking instance of terrific retribution following close upon the heels of wrong. England to-day is bound hand and foot by the momentous consequences of this "little war." The whole of her effective troops are contending impotently in South Africa against a few thousand brilliant bushwhackers. England's military prestige and the reputation of her generals have sunk so low that not for another generation can they possibly recover their former lustre. The English people are feeling every day the grinding of a new taxation; and in the East their representatives stand mute and helpless in the presence of French insolence and Muscovite aggression. It is a hard lesson, but, on the whole, it is probably a lesson that will save England from the great disaster which otherwise she was almost certain to have met. Had her statesmen with a light heart launched her armies against the armies of even a second-rate foreign power, what is now only humiliation might easily have been the ghastliest wreck and ruin.

Through all the episodes and incidents of this extraordinary war we have expressed our views quite freely; and at the time when we expressed them we have always had them greeted with transpontine howls of indignation or derision. Yet in every case the things that we have said have been the very things which afterward the leading organs of British public opinion have been obliged to say, and to say them far more bitterly than we had done. Thus, at the very outset of the war, we wrote down our conviction that England's most pressing need was a need of professional and scientific soldiers in the place of polo-playing ornamental figure-heads; and this is now the burden of all English utterance, from the columns of the London *Times* to the letters and the stories of Rudyard Kipling. We said, after his first few failures, that General Buller was utterly incompetent as a strategist and tactician, and this especially excited the ire of our English readers, who reminded us that as a civilian we had no business to express any opinion what-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soever on military matters. A little later, however, Lord Roberts himself in an official despatch said precisely the same things about Buller that we had said; and, in fact, Buller was presently shipped back to England, where even in charge of Aldershot he displayed such crass stupidity that the War Office was obliged to subject him to a public humiliation. Finally, we said that could England have foreseen the dangers, the disasters, and the disappointments which this war was certain to entail, she would never have engaged in it at all, but would most willingly have accepted President Kruger's temperate offer of arbitration. How many Englishmen are there who would to-day deny that this is true?

II.

In Russia.

It is obvious that something rather serious has been going on in Russia, though precisely what it is no one can tell for a long time yet; since in Russia, almost more than in any other country, things move in a mysterious way. It is obvious enough, however, that some of the incidents which have been cabled over to the American newspapers cannot possibly be authentic, however picturesque and dramatic they may be. For instance, there is that thrilling account of how the Czar fled to his summer palace and there ensconced himself in a room of which the walls and floor and ceiling were made of heavy armour-plate. An additional touch was imparted by the statement that in this little fortress the Czar had five or six desks placed, and that he spent his time in flitting from one to another of these desks, fearing to do his work at any single desk lest the position of it should become known to some anarchist outside. There is something in all this that appeals to one's sense of the dramatic; but when you come to examine it you begin to doubt. For if the room was really armour-plated, it is hard to see just why the Czar should not have felt entirely secure in any part of it, unless he fancied that the anarchists were going to get his range with a hundred-ton gun; or if, on the other hand, he did not feel secure in any part of it, then the story about the armour-plating must have been a fairy tale. Anyhow, the special correspondent in St. Petersburg has very evidently permitted his imagination to outrun his reasoning powers.

Almost equally improbable is the notion which has been rather generally held that the Russian Government would go to war with Japan over the question of Manchuria in order to divert the attention of the discontented by a foreign conflict, and thus secure, at least a temporary tranquillity at home. Those who entertain this view make the mistake of looking upon the Russian people as they would look upon the people of a more Western country. In Russia the mass of the population is thoroughly ignorant and inert. On most questions there exists no such thing as public sentiment. A war with Japan—a country of which millions upon millions of Russians have never heard—and waged far off in the distant East would make no appeal whatever to the subjects of the Czar. There is only one foreign war that could stir them from their sluggishness and excite a truly national enthusiasm, and that is a war with Turkey; for all Russians know and hate the Turks as they have hated them for centuries, and there would also enter into such a contest the powerful element of race feeling and religious hatred, to which even the dullest *moujik* would respond. There is no doubt that the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78 was thoroughly a national one, and that in waging it the Czar was in every sense of the word a national leader. In truth, by reason of that war his person was for a number of years inviolate from anarchistic outrage. But in a war with Japan the Russian people would take no interest, save that the burdens which it would place upon them would aggravate and stimulate existing discontent. As for Manchuria, Russia will not fight Japan for that; but she will get it quite as surely by peaceful means, by smooth-tongued unscrupulousness, and by her profuse and comprehensive promises, which every one will have to accept, but which no one will believe, with the exception, perhaps, of the guileless Mr. Hay.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III.

Funston and Aguinaldo.

There is something rather pitiful in the attempts of the Anti-Imperialists to belittle and decry the splendid daring displayed by General Funston in his capture of the wily Aguinaldo. He took his life in his hand in facing death by starvation and possibly by torture, and with three or four white companions he entered the stronghold of the Filipino chief and made him prisoner in the very presence of his chosen body-guard. Any attempt to show that in this exploit General Funston violated the accepted rules of warfare is worse than futile. Appeal has been made to Lieber's rules and to various manuals of international law; but on the subject of how far it is permissible to deceive an enemy these treatises are very nebulous and hazy. And naturally so; for war is not a game of marbles, and its stern practices are not to be compared with kindergarten games or the diversions of a Sunday-school picnic. Their object is to reach the enemy and smite him and destroy him in the swiftest, surest, and most effective way; and the end will pretty nearly always be regarded as justifying the means. Were it, however, clear that General Funston's stratagem was contrary to the accepted rules of warfare, this fact would still have no bearing whatsoever on the question; since the rules of warfare apply to warfare carried on between belligerents having a recognised and international status, such as Aguinaldo and his bandits never have possessed, and it was, in consequence, permissible for whoever would to take him in precisely the same fashion in which one would take a wolf or any other dangerous beast of prey.

Hence it is that the immediate promotion of General Funston to a brigadier-generalship in the regular army has been accepted by every one as the just reward of a very gallant service to the country. It has, however, brought to mind a defect in our national system, which deserves a serious consideration. General Funston was promoted to his present rank because there was really no other way in which the President could adequately recognise his brilliant exploit. Yet this very fact is unfortunate, since it is conceivable that in the course of time and by the gradual elimination of his seniors in the army through retirement and death, General Funston may some day be automatically advanced to the head of our military establishment; and on general principles it is unlikely that this would be desirable, inasmuch as he has never had the preliminary training which in these days is indispensable to the professional soldier. It is to be deplored that we have no system of rewards which would bestow emolument and honour upon one who has performed a special and distinguished bit of service, without doing so at the expense of others and without incurring consequences that might conceivably be disastrous in a great national emergency. At the present time the head of the army is not a graduate of West Point, and because of his lack of the particular sort of training which West Point men receive, he does not seem to possess the entire confidence of either the President or the Secretary of War—a condition of things that is most unfortunate from every point of view, since it is unjust to General Miles himself and also detrimental to the conduct of our military affairs.

H. T. P.

A CHRONICLE OF OUR OWN TIMES

MARCH 10 TO APRIL 10.

I.

PHILIPPINE AFFAIRS.

General Emilio Aguinaldo, the pseudo-Washington of the Pacific, and Dictator of the Philippines, by grace of his hand and seal given on January 28, was captured on *March 23* by Frederick Funston, of Kansas, Brigadier-General of Volunteers. It appeared that one of Aguinaldo's confidential agents, attracted by the superior merit of the American cause or by American money, had given to the military authorities letters showing Aguinaldo's situation and whereabouts. By the aid of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these and of forged signatures, delusive documents were manufactured, which sufficed to give to a party of some eighty "friendly" natives, officered by five Americans in the guise of prisoners, access to Aguinaldo, who had been living for some months at Palanan in the central interior of Luzon. Aguinaldo, being unprepared for defence, surrendered. On *March 30* General Funston was appointed a brigadier-general in the regular army. On *April 1* Aguinaldo took the oath of allegiance to the United States; abjuring connection with the "so-called" revolutionary government, promising to bear himself as a law-abiding citizen under the sovereignty of the United States, swearing not to harbour, aid or give protection to the enemy, and adding that all these obligations were voluntarily assumed and made by him without mental reservation. On *April 3* it was announced that Aguinaldo, upon representations by the native chief justice of the Philippines showing the hopelessness of the rebellion and the beneficence of American intentions, had agreed to subscribe to a proclamation advising the general acceptance by the Filipinos of United States authority. Aguinaldo was treated kindly by the military commanders.

That the capture of Aguinaldo marked the practical conclusion of the rebellion was generally admitted. The anti-expansionist papers shifted the tenor of their editorials from the Butcheries of Battle to the Problems of Peace. The discussion as to whether an enemy could be considered honourably captured if his pursuer were unaccompanied by a brass band. gave rise to earnest expressions of opinion, as did also the query whether the real George Washington, if he had been taken by the English, would have declared his allegiance to the British arms. When on *April 1* it was discovered that some small frauds had taken place in the commissary department in the Philippines, a ray of comfort was given to the opponents of the Administration. But otherwise the times were hard; for from many quarters of the islands came reports of surrenders, of apparent good will, and of the installation of civil government. Even private lumber interests were not allowed to thrive unrestrained, as against the interests of the government. The amendment to the Philippines act prohibiting the sale or disposal of public land in the Philippines was construed by Secretary Root not to mean that lumber could not be cut therefrom for the island's benefit.

II.

STATE AFFAIRS.

Senator Platt, who, it was known, had been for sometime employed in concocting a bill which would give the Republican Legislature at Albany control of the Democratic police force of New York, sent his son, Mr. Frank H. Platt, to Albany on *March 20* to advise the Governor that the bill had been drawn to the Senator's satisfaction, and to notify the Governor to send an emergency message to the Legislature that the bill might be made law without waste of time. In his message to the Legislature in January, the Governor had openly opposed such a bill on the ground that it would, at least in principle, violate the guarantee of local self-government given by the constitution. Nevertheless, Senator Platt had subsequently and on several occasions asserted that the bill would be passed, and that the Governor would sign it. It appeared, however, that the Senator's statements were ill advised. The Governor told Mr. Frank H. Platt that he would not send an emergency message to the Legislature, and that he would veto the bill if passed. To this the Senator replied on *March 21* that the Governor was an able Executive, desiring, like the Senator, only the good of the State, and that a conference of Republican leaders would be held on *March 24*. After this conference the chairman of the meeting stated on behalf of party amity that "Senator Platt took the position that it would be inadvisable to press further police legislation." On his own behalf the Senator said that "it would be useless to pass any bill, as the Governor had declared that he would veto it." The press took this occasion to point out that as with a champion of the prize ring, so with a political boss; one knock-out is sufficient to extinguish title.

On *March 15* the New York Legislature repealed an act passed by it in 1895 "to limit and define the powers of the Ramapo Water Company." By this limitation and definition the Ramapo Company had received greater power to supply water than was or is possessed by any other water company, or by any town or city in the State. It received the right to furnish water to any private or municipal corporation, and to condemn lands anywhere for the purpose of acquiring water. The procedure prescribed for those who did not want to have their lands condemned made resistance to the company very expensive and practically futile. Under the power given it by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the law, the company in August, 1900, proposed and all but executed a contract to supply New York City with water, which, if carried out, would have entailed a loss to the city of some $200,000,000. Owing to the pressure of public opinion, both parties in the State became pledged to the repeal of the law; and owing to the unwonted persistence of public opinion, the law was repealed.

On *April 4* the Legislature passed a bill revising the charter of New York City, mainly upon the lines recommended by the Charter Revision Commission appointed in 1900. While sundry "riotous" amendments were introduced for party's sake, the bill as a whole was generally commended on the ground that it gave recognition to principles shown by experience to be necessary to efficient municipal government. The chief of these principles are summarized by the New York *Evening Post* as follows: 1. The Mayor to be an official possessing large powers and corresponding responsibility, through his right to appoint the heads of executive departments and to remove them at any time. 2. The executive departments to be single-headed. 3. The Municipal Assembly to be one and not two chambered—"if such assembly there must be, as the force of tradition still seems to require."

Senator Hanna, who had endeavoured without success to compose the factional differences in the Delaware Legislature, appeared to be no more fortunate in his attempt in Nebraska. In answer to his telegram of *March 21*, urging the recalcitrant members of his party there to support Mr. D. E. Thompson, the caucus nominee, for the term in the Senate ending in 1905, the bolters replied that Thompson's election "would be disgraceful to the State and suicidal to the party." When on *March 28* it became evident to Mr. Thompson that he could not be elected, even by Mr. Hanna's aid, he resigned in favour of Charles H. Dietrich, Governor of the State. Similarly Mr. Edward Rosewater, nominee for the term ending in 1907, resigned in favour of Joseph H. Millard. The deadlock in the Legislature was thus broken after two and a half months of continuous balloting.

The municipal elections held in Cleveland, Toledo, and Columbus, Ohio, on *April 1*, resulted in each case in the election of a mayor pledged to see to it that municipal corporations, and more especially street-car companies, did not exceed their just rights, or take advantage of the city, and providing that a strict official supervision should be kept over such corporations.

On *April 2* Carter H. Harrison was elected mayor of Chicago for the third time. The chief issue of the election was the terms upon which the franchises of the street railway companies, which will expire within two years, should be renewed. Mr. Harrison's position in this matter was well known through the effective opposition he had made to the attempt to rush franchise concessions through the council without making adequate return to the city. The position of Mr. Harrison's opponent, Judge Elbridge Hanecy, was not so well known; but it was surmised that a candidate nominated by and with the consent of the Republican machine, and of Ex-Congressman William Lorimer, the Republican boss, could not in the nature of things be deeply set against the "traction interests." The independent vote was consequently given to Mr. Harrison, who was elected by a majority of about 28,000 votes.

In the municipal elections held in St. Louis on the same day, Rolla Wells (Dem.) defeated for the mayoralty George W. Parker (Rep.). Mr. Wells is a sound money Democrat who voted for Palmer and Buckner in 1896, and aided in the organisation of the National Gold Democratic party. For this reason Mr. Bryan called upon all the St. Louis Democrats to vote against Mr. Wells.

III.

THE HAY-PAUNCEFOTE TREATY.

On *March 25*, a memorandum was made public from Lord Lansdowne, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, setting forth the reasons for Great Britain's refusal to ratify the Hay-Pauncefote Canal Treaty, as amended by the Senate on December 20, 1900. Lord Lansdowne reminded the United States that His Majesty's government had never desired, for their own advantage, to modify the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty—"an international contract of unquestionable validity"—and had only assented to the modifications proposed by Secretary Hay "as a signal proof of their friendly disposition and of their desire not to impede the execution of a project declared to be of national importance to the people of the United States." But to the convention as thus signed the Senate had made three amendments. By the first amendment the United States abrogated *in toto* the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and with it the agreement not to occupy,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fortify or assume dominion over any part of Central America. This change, said Lord Lansdowne, would certainly be of advantage to the United States, and might be of material importance.

By the second amendment the United States, despite those sections of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty which attempted by exact specifications to safeguard the neutrality of the Canal, reserved to itself the right to take such measures as it deemed necessary to secure "by its own forces the defence of the United States and the maintenance of public order." This amendment, Lord Lansdowne declared, was not only much more radical than the similar clause in the Suez Canal Convention, but it placed Great Britain at a decided disadvantage; because while Great Britain was still debarred from taking warlike action in or near the Canal, the United States might take such action at pleasure. Therefore this amendment directly violated that "general principle" of neutralisation upon which the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was based, and which was reaffirmed in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty as originally adopted.

By the third amendment the United States withdrew the invitation to the other Powers to subscribe to the terms of the treaty. While, then, by the second amendment the United States reserved to itself freedom of action, and while by the third amendment freedom of action was given to all the other Powers, "Great Britain alone, in spite of her enormous possessions on the American Continent, in spite of the extent of her Australian colonies and her interests in the East, would be absolutely precluded from resorting to any such action, or from taking measures to secure her interests in and near the Canal." For these reasons Great Britain declined to ratify the convention, but it was intimated that overtures for further negotiations would be considered in a friendly spirit.

The publication of Lord Lansdowne's memorandum brought on a renewal, on a small scale, of the whole Nicaragua Canal discussion. The pro-American press thought that the protest of Great Britain should be disregarded, the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty abrogated by Congress in set terms, and the Canal built as an American enterprise without awaiting the "advice or consent of any other nation." The more conservative papers, however, believed that there was much force in England's contentions, and especially in the one regarding the consent of other nations to the treaty, and that the temperate attitude which Lord Lansdowne had taken was deserving of better things than a flat rebuff; particularly as reprisals might sometime follow therefrom.

IV.

TRADE MOVEMENTS.

The United States Steel Corporation gained in both power and bulk during the month.

On *March 21* it was announced that, since some ninety-seven per cent. of the common and preferred stock of the seven entering companies, outside of the Carnegie Company, had been deposited for exchange with the stock of the new company, the consolidation proposed on March 2 had become operative. But the scope of this consolidation was immediately enlarged. On *April 1* the corporation increased its authorised issue of capital stock from $850,000,000 to $1,100,000,000. Including the bonds issued for the acquisition of the Carnegie Company, this raised the total par value of the company's securities to $1,404,000,000. The additional $250,000,000 of stock was announced to be mainly for the acquisition of the American Bridge Company, and the Lake Superior Consolidated Iron Mines Company. For every $100 of the common stock of the bridge company there was to be given $105 of the common stock of the steel company, and for every $100 of preferred stock of the bridge company there was to be given $110 in preferred stock of the steel company. The Lake Superior Company fared better; each one of its $100 shares being exchangeable in the steel company for $270, equally divided between common and preferred stock. The total additional issue of the steel company for these two concerns would be $77,549,400 for the Lake Superior Company, and $65,634,770 for the bridge company. The bridge company was understood to control about ninety per cent. of the steel bridge business of the country. The Lake Superior Company, practically a possession of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, controlled a large iron output, a railroad to Duluth, and freighters on the Lakes. By its acquisition the position of the steel company is strengthened to an appreciable extent. For not only is the possible competition of Mr. Rockefeller eliminated, but another and a large source of supply for independent steel makers is effectively cornered.

The application for listing the new stocks made to the stock exchange on *April 3* disclosed the terms which the Carnegie Company, through its superior prestige, solidarity and independence, had been able to exact from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

steel corporation. On all the acquired stock of the seven entering companies, outside of the Carnegie Company, a first lien was to be created to secure the bonds given to acquire the Carnegie Company. Only so long as the interest on these bonds was not in default would the steel company be entitled to vote upon the stocks thus mortgaged.

The announcement on the same day of the directorate of the new company tended to strengthen the corporation's position; for the directorate included large interests in several of the great trunk lines, coal companies and industrial combinations. It is said that an English syndicate wishing to obtain in China a permanent commercial concession of immense value, has included among its stockholders representatives of all the great Powers; so that it will be to the benefit of these Powers to see that the concession is made and that its terms are kept. The steel corporation has evidently adopted the same system; placating the great business powers which might otherwise make trouble and insuring, so far as possible, a mutually advantageous co-operation. On *April 10* the common stock of the corporation was quoted in the neighbourhood of 48, and the preferred stock at 95.

On *April 10*, announcement was made of the formation of The Associated Merchants' Company, a corporation with an authorised capital of $20,000,000, designed to buy up and hold control over a number of retail department stores in different cities, and to supply these stores with goods from the H. B. Claflin Company, wholesalers, acting as central agents. It was believed that a considerable saving in the cost of operating such stores could be effected by the plan of placing bulk orders with manufacturers to the large amounts required by the stores, and that the wastage of goods and their sale below cost could be checked by instituting a system of exchange, whereby merchandise failing to sell in a store in one section of the country or community might be sent to another. While the proposals do not involve a comparatively great amount of money, they are of unusual interest as marking one of the first attempts which has been made to systematise and place under a single management the distribution of general merchandise on a large scale. Hitherto nearly all combinations have been solely occupied with co-ordinating the factors of production, transportation, and the distribution of special products, so that economies in retail selling over a wide area have not been practised.

V.

RUSSIAN AFFAIRS.

The one indisputable fact which appeared during the month concerning the internal troubles of Russia, and concerning Russia's lust for Manchuria, was that those who knew the actual bearings of the facts were not likely to disclose them.

With regard to Manchuria two official statements were published, which seem to indicate the progress of events. On *March 26* a memorandum from the State Department of the United States, handed to the Chinese minister on February 19, and transmitted to the Powers on March 1, was given to the press, for reasons not specified. This memorandum states that all the Powers having expressly agreed to preserve China's territorial integrity in the present crisis, it would be "unwise and dangerous in the extreme for China to make any arrangement, or to consider any proposition of a private nature involving the surrender of territory or financial obligations by convention with any particular Power—at least without the full knowledge and approval of all the Powers." The second statement appeared in the Russian *Official Messenger* of *April 5*, in the form of a review of the Manchurian peace negotiations. The government there states that in order permanently to adjust matters along the Russian frontier, provisional conditions were first made with the governors of three Manchurian provinces. Later, Russia drew up an agreement to be signed with the Chinese Imperial Government providing, among other things, for the gradual evacuation of Manchuria by the Russian soldiery. Unluckily, the foreign press misrepresented the matter and insisted that Russia intended to establish a protectorate over Manchuria. Accordingly pressure was brought to bear to prevent China from signing the agreement. But, remarks Russia, China's acceptance of this agreement was prerequisite to the evacuation of Manchuria. Until normal conditions are completely restored in the Chinese Empire, and until the central government is strong enough to guarantee Russia against a recurrence of outbreaks, the Russian Government will quietly remain and await the course of events. From these two documents it would seem that Russia has swayed to the protests of the Powers; but yielding no ground, biding her time. True, Russia has again assured the Powers that her intentions in Manchuria are most amicable, and the Powers are reported to have been pleased to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accept this statement *sine grano salis*. But what else could they or Russia do?

The importance to this country of Russia's eventual action in Manchuria was abundantly insisted upon by commercial papers. They pointed out that if Manchuria were annexed, Russia could put its own tariff into force there notwithstanding any prior agreement of the United States with China. Even if Russia simply exercised influence in Manchuria, the provision of the "open trade door" in China would only guarantee freedom of trade to the United States in the sense of freedom from external and discriminating restraints, and would not and could not guarantee *equality of opportunity* in gaining trade. Moreover, if Russia gained permanent influence over Manchuria, Germans, Belgians, French and English could also claim exclusive spheres of influence in China. Thus the United States, unless it also acquired a sphere of influence, would be gradually but certainly forced from the Chinese markets.

Reports agreed that Japan was becoming steadily more irritated over Russia's attitude. For China and Corea are Japan's natural commercial outlets, and the independence of Corea is absolutely necessary to Japan's safety. But Corea forms for Russia the connecting link between Vladivostok on the north and Port Arthur on the south. By a convention of 1900, Russia gained treaty land in the harbour of Masampo in Corea, and exacted a promise that the Island of Kojedo, in the Strait of Korea, long coveted by Japan, should never be alienated to any nation. The connecting branch and the main line of the Siberian railway will hem in Corea on the west, and so complete around Corea the circle of Russian power. Hence Japan's apprehension.

Details of the riots which took place in Moscow, St. Petersburg and elsewhere at various times between *March 4* and *March 22* were not forthcoming; probably for the reason as stated by the correspondent of the New York *Sun*, that "inquiries bring upon the investigator uncomfortable police attentions." The riots were, in general, conducted by the students of the universities, who cherish standing grievances against the authorities. These grievances are mainly that the students are prohibited from holding meetings and forming clubs, that they are supervised by government inspectors, and that student insubordination is punishable by drafting into the army. The immediate cause of the riots was probably the excommunication of Count Leo Tolstoy through the agency of M. K. Probedonostzeff, Procurator-General of the Holy Synod, or as he is more familiarly called, "the grand inquisitor and best hated man in Russia." On *March 22* a disciple of Tolstoy attempted, but without success, to assassinate this gentleman. A general sensation and the arrest and conviction of the disciple resulted.

VI.

OTHER FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

On *March 20*, trial was begun on the damage suits brought by Arthur Chamberlain, brother of Joseph Chamberlain and manager of the Kynochs Company, of Birmingham, against the *Star* and the *Morning Leader* for comments published by those papers with reference to the munitions of war supplied by Kynochs' to the government. Both papers had charged that several large firms, and especially Kynochs', unwarrantably obtained admiralty contracts through Arthur Chamberlain's efforts, and by aid of the prestige of Joseph Chamberlain, who was interested in the contracts either on his own account, or through holdings of his wife, brothers, sons and daughters. At the trial a letter intended to invite business was put in evidence from the London manager of Kynochs' saying, "No doubt you are aware that we are largely contractors to the War Office, and we may say that our chairman, Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, is a brother of the Colonial Secretary." On cross-examination, Arthur Chamberlain admitted that the Kynochs' secured government orders for cordite when their tenders were higher than those of others. It was also brought out that Kynochs' had been allowed to revise their bids while other concerns had not, and that Arthur Chamberlain had endeavoured to bring pressure to bear on various Irish members of Parliament with a view to securing for his firm government contracts. The sum of £200 awarded by the court to Mr. Chamberlain on *March 26* hardly tended to allay the impression that the papers decided against had not been very far wrong in their statements, except in so far as they had made implications against Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

On *March 22*, the details of the peace terms offered by the British government to the Boers and declined by General Botha were made public. The terms were substantially as follows: Upon the surrender of the Boers the British Government would grant a general amnesty; return the prisoners of war; permit the official use of the Dutch language; institute civil administration and ultimately

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boer representation, and deal with British subjects who voluntarily returned to Natal and Cape Colony in accordance with a special law mitigating the penalty for high treason. Further, and in order to repair so far as possible the damages of the war, Great Britain would provide £1,000,000 to repay the Boers for requisitioned goods; would exempt the Boers from a special war tax, and would also consider, through the government to be instituted in the Transvaal, the possibility of making loans to the farmers. On *March 16* General Botha stated that he did not feel inclined to recommend the proposed terms, but that they would receive the earnest consideration of his government. The popular sentiment of the Boers, as voiced by one of their number, seems to be that only the complete restocking of the farms and the restoration of all that has been destroyed would be thought satisfactory; otherwise the farmers may as well continue to fight, for their houses are burned, their cattle killed and their families scattered. In England it was felt that the terms were as liberal as could have been offered with self-respect, and that they showed clearly enough the anxiety of the Ministry to conclude the war and relieve the burden of the taxpayers.

The Associations Bill providing for the dissolution of religious congregations adjudged to be inimical to the State, passed the French Chamber of Deputies on *March 29* by a vote of 303 to 220. An amendment was adopted declaring that the property of dissolved congregations should not at once be confiscated by the State, but that for the purpose of fully legalising such confiscations the question of ownership should be determined by the courts. M. Waldeck-Rousseau argued against the amendment on the ground that it would cause interminable legal wrangling, and it was stated that he would endeavour to persuade the Senate, where the bill is now sent, to cut the amendment out. By the fate of the bill the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry, which is pledged to its support, will probably stand or fall. It is pointed out that if the bill becomes law the Pope must either accept it—which he cannot well do—or protest against it. If his protest is disregarded, as appears likely, he must then either submit or break off relations with France; so it is presumed he will submit.

That the recent political agitation in Spain, as manifested at the marriage of the King's sister, and by the resignation of the Conservative Ministry, was largely occasioned by industrial troubles, is shown by the report of a committee appointed to examine Spain's manufacturing interests. From this report it appears that since the war with the United States, Spain's exports to Cuba have shrunk from $136,000,000 annually to $66,000,000; to Puerto Rico from $44,000,000 to less than $13,000,000; and to the Philippines from $49,000,000 to less than $27,000,000; making a total annual loss in export trade of over $123,000,000. To build up Spain's manufactures, in order that she may find a substitute for her lost colonial trade by competing with other nations for the world's markets, the committee strongly recommends that the Spanish tariff system, which is now regulated solely with a view to large customs receipts, be revised to admit the free entrance of raw materials, and other products used in Spanish manufactures for export. The subsidising of steamship lines is also urged.

Mansfield Allan.

LITERARY PARIS

Little had been done by the Théâtre Français until a few weeks ago to attract the public to its new house, or rather the management had, perhaps not unwisely, considered the house itself to be a sufficiently powerful attraction, and had, therefore, not troubled itself much to offer to the Parisians strikingly interesting performances. Of course, this could not last long. *Noblesse oblige* and the Théâtre Français had to do some day something which could not be done by any other play-house. Sardou was the fortunate author selected by M. Claretie, his colleague in the French Academy, for the great artistic demonstration which was expected of the House of Molière. Moreover, Sardou was entitled to the honour. His most ambitious work, *Patrie,* was just about to be revived when the old house was destroyed by fire. It is a very spectacular work, and was a good play in which to show what the new theatre could do in the way of *mise en scène. Patrie's* revival has been a great triumph for everybody—author, manager

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and players. An anecdote of Sarcey was often repeated in the foyer on the evening of the *première*. When *Patrie* was first acted, over thirty years ago, at the Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin, Sarcey was met after the first act, which is a real masterpiece, by a brother critic, who asked him, "What is the difference between this and a classcal work?" "That it is not old," was Sarcey's terse answer. And if the whole play had been equal to the first act, almost always the best in Sardou's works, it would to-day be in a fair way to be considered a nineteenth-century classic. As it is, it has stood the test of time better than most of Sardou's dramas or comedies. And what a caste the great theatre gave to the author, especially on the male side!—the Mounet brothers, Le Bargy, Albert Lambert, Féraudy. The women were Marthe Brandès and Mademoiselle Lecomte, the latter of whom will certainly some day cross the water and attempt the conquest of the New World.

This revival of *Patrie* is an event of literary importance. The play is one of permanent value. It is one of the best historical dramas of the nineteenth century. Its production was one of Sardou's boldest acts, for in placing his sixteenth-century drama in the Spanish Netherlands he invited comparison with one of the greatest masterpieces of the German drama, Goethe's *Egmont*. Why has Sardou, with all his admirable dramatic gifts, given the serious part of the public so few occasions of applauding his purposes and of stamping his works as deserving to go to posterity?

Two great actors, a man and a woman, both members of the Théâtre Français—Edmond Got and Sophie Croizette—have just passed away. Curiously enough, neither of them, I think, ever appeared in any of Sardou's plays. Got's great parts, outside of Molière's plays, where he was inimitable in *Le Médecin malgré lui*, were in the comedies of Émile Augier and of Dumas Fils, for instance in *Maître Guérin* of the former, and in *Denise*, one of Dumas's latest plays. His Mercadet, in Balzac's only great play, was also a great creation. There were works in which he alone was the whole play. I remember a now forgotten comedy, *Le Duc Job*, by a forgotten writer, Léon Laya, which owed a run of four hundred nights simply to Got's interpretation of the chief part.

Croizette was not so great; but she was a woman, and had the gift of beauty. The men of my generation were all more or less in love with her, and one of them married her. She had a penetrating and heart-stirring voice. She was at the Theatre Français the *camarade* of Sarah Bernhardt, and at least divided honours with her in Octave Feuillet's strange play, *Le Sphinx*. She was still young when she left the stage, where she never reappeared after her marriage. A portrait of her, by her brother-in-law, Carolus Duran, in which she is represented on horseback, looking at the ocean, was exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876, and is, I think, still in the United States.

We have to pass now to people who have been dead a good while longer—Châteaubriand and Victor Hugo. There is quite a controversy raging just now about the former. About a year ago Professor Joseph Bédier undertook to prove, in the *Revue d'Histoire Littéraire de la France*, that the great writer had been far from truthful in the account of his voyage through the United States in 1791, that most of the places described by him, especially those which are the scenes of his stirring love story of *Atala*, had never been visited by him, and that there was more fiction than truth in his somewhat dramatic account of his call on George Washington in Philadelphia. Châteaubriand was warmly defended in the Catholic periodical, *Le Correspondant*, by an abbé, M. Bertrin, who had just received his degree of *Docteur ès Lettres* on a thesis on *La Sincérité Religieuse de Châteaubriand*. Professor Bédier replies to his critic in the last issue of the *Revue d'Histoire Littéraire*, and it looks as though there was not much left of Abbé Bertrin now. It will be interesting, though, to watch the next issues of *Le Correspondant*.

As for Hugo, it is his youthful love for his wife that makes him now one of the heroes of the day. His letters to Adèle Foucher, written by him between the ages of nineteen and twenty-one, have just been published in a little volume, *Lettres à la Fiancée*, which contains two interesting portraits of Victor and Adèle at the time of their marriage. The charm of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the letters lies in their naturalness. Nothing stilted in them. They are absolutely pure and wholesome. It were to be desired that all that is extracted from old papers for publication should be as satisfactory as this very simple *roman d'amour.*

Sainte-Beuve, too, has just come out of his grave to tell us something. The great collector of literary curiosities, Vicomte Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, in a little volume with a somewhat pretentious title, *Sainte-Beuve Inconnu,* gives us an unfinished novel, *Arthur,* which relates the life of Sainte-Beuve's friend, Ulric Guttinguer; a batch of letters addressed to the critic by the female poet, Marceline Desbordes Valmore, and a curious prospectus, written for a complete edition of Hugo's works announced in 1831! An amusing story is connected with this prospectus. Sainte-Beuve did not wish to sign it with either his name or initials. Hugo himself wished it signed by some one else rather than by as intimate a friend of his as Sainte-Beuve then was. They cast their eyes upon a kind of literary hack, Amédée Pichot, a romanticist like themselves; but Pichot refused to sign what he had not written. They did not dare to take his initials, so they took the last letters of his name and surname, and the prospectus was signed E. T.

Before I leave the men of the past I should mention also Théodore Jouffroy, the philosopher, whose letters have just been published.

Among recent publications a great deal relates to the stage. First, a very important volume by Professor Rigal, *Le Théâtre en France avant la Période Classique.* It is in parts a recast of works published by him before, but with enough improvement to make it a new book, indispensable to any one who wants to know the history of the French drama.

M. Henry Lecomte gives us a curious volume, *Napoléon et l'Empire racontés par le Théâtre.* It appears that the first play, dealing with Napoleon's career, was performed in 1797, when he was only a victorious young general. One of the last plays mentioned in Sardou's *Madame Sans-Gêne.* Alexandre Dumas is there with his *Napoléon Bonaparte,* Dennery with his *Histoire d'un Drapeau,* and many others. Napoleon was introduced as a character in many plays! I remember that when I was a boy there was in Paris an actor whose sole stock in trade lay in his likeness to the great emperor, whom he could easily impersonate, provided he had nothing more to say than *Soldats! je suis content de vous!* His talent did not carry him much farther.

Very different plays will be found in Jules Montini's *Théâtre de Salon,* a volume which will be welcomed by amateur actors. Brieux publishes his last success, *Les Remplaçantes,* a play with social tendencies, and we are given the fourth volume of Meilhac and Halévy's *Théâtre Complet,* which contains, at least, one masterpiece of comic construction, *La Boule.*

With Georges Courteline's *Les Marionnettes de la Vie* we are not very far from the stage. I recommend them to those who love to laugh. They may also take Willy's last book, *Claudine à Paris,* and *Trois Semaines d'Amour,* by Paul Héon. I need hardly say that these three volumes are not Sunday-school books.

Jeanne Marni's *Vieilles,* although more serious in its purpose, does not belong to that category either. Other novels worth reading are Daniel Lesueur's *L'Honneur d'une Femme,* René Boylesve's *La Becquée* and André Thuriet's *Jours d'Eté.* And for young readers I shall especially recommend André Laurie's new series, *Les Chercheurs d'Or de l'Afrique Australe,* the second number of which, *Le Filon de Gérard,* has just come out.

In literary history the most important recent work is an *Histoire de la Littérature Allemande,* a companion book to Lanson's now celebrated volume on French literature. The author is Professor A. Bossert, who is the head of all modern language teaching in the French lycées.

Other important announcements are an *Histoire de l'Affaire Dreyfus,* by Joseph Reinach, and a book by Alfred Dreyfus himself, a history of his imprisonment. They appear at the moment when the newspaper *Le Siècle,* which, under Yves Guyot's editorship, so stoutly upheld the cause of the ex-captain, is about to go under the hammer. But the cause of *Le Siècle's* bankruptcy is not its attitude in the celebrated case. It is Yves Guyot's attitude in regard to the South African conflict. Frenchmen to-day disagree upon nearly every question. On the Boer War they are of one mind. To

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

champion the English cause, as Yves Guyot has done, is to offend their moral sense, and he has found it out to his grief.

I mention here also a series of interesting sketches of prominent Hebrews, gathered under a somewhat too ambitious title, *L'Esprit Juif,* by Maurice Muret, and a no less curious book, by a Catholic priest, Abbé Sabatier, *Comment on Devient Pape.*

An interesting contrast will be found between two dictionaries just published. One is a vocabulary of slang words, *L'Argot au XXe Siècle,* by Aristide Bruant; the other a photographic and absolutely faithful reproduction of the first edition of the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française,* by Professor P. Dupont, of the University of Lille.

Adolphe Cohn.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES

A most interesting volume is that which we have received from Mr. R. H. Russell, entitled *The Illustrated American Stage.* It is a collection of admirable illustrations and portraits in half-tone, constituting as a whole what the sub-title of the book describes as "a pictorial review of the most recent theatrical successes." Among the plays that have furnished material for the book are *L'Aiglon, Richard Carvel, Sherlock Holmes, A Royal Family, When Knighthood Was in Flower, The Little Minister, Trelawny of the Wells, Cyrano* and *The Only Way;* and among the artists whose portraits and poses are here shown are Bernhardt, Julia Marlowe, Ada Rehan, Annie Russell, Mary Mannering, Clara Lipman, William Gillette, John Drew, Margaret Anglin, Olga Nethersole, Henry Irving, Henry Miller and Richard Mansfield. The pages of the book can be turned over again and again with continual pleasure and satisfaction.

Mr. William Vaughn Moody is the author of *The Masque of Judgment,* the action of which takes place immediately before the Incarnation. In it the chief figures are the angel Raphael, Uriel, the Angel of the Pale Horse, and other angels. Mr. Moody's attempt is an extremely ambitious one, yet it is not to be treated otherwise than seriously, since it discloses true poetical feeling and an admirable command of metrical technique. We are inclined to think that a fondness for unusual and obsolete words is somewhat too evident—such words, for instance, as "benedite," "vair," "strook," "energic," "lazuline" and "margent"—but this is merely a personal opinion. Some of the single lines are very striking, as, for instance,

> Clotted and drizzled o'er with sullen light—

and

> in yonder stars
> Gay spendthrifts of their plenitude of fire;

and the following from the Prelude, where Raphael speaks, is extremely beautiful, with the exception of the last line, the phrasing of which is, to say the least, out of keeping with the exquisite music of what has gone before.

> Another night like this would change my blood
> To human: the soft tumult of the sea
> Under the moon, the panting of the stars,
> The notes of querulous love from pool and clod,
> In earth and air the dreamy under-hum
> Of hived hearts swarming—such another night
> Would quite unsphere me from my angelhood!

The publishers of the volume are Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company, and the price is $1.50. Another volume of semi-religious verse is *Songs of Exile,* translated from the Hebrew of various mediæval Jewish poets, by Miss Nina Davis, and published by the Jewish Publication Society in Philadelphia. The translation is freely made, and preserves much of the Oriental spirit of the original. At the end of the book is given in prose a sketch of the game of chess, written about the twelfth century and very curiously couched in a combination and adaptation of biblical texts.

Home-Folks, by James Whitcomb Riley, is partly made up of poems written

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the author for special occasions. Some of the poems contained in it are good, but not one of them can rank with even the least of those by which Mr. Riley first secured his reputation. The publishers are the Bowen-Merrill Company.

A posthumous book, written by the late G. W. Steevens, and edited by his friend, Vernon Blackburn, is published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company under the title of *Glimpses of Three Nations*. The three nations in question are England, France and Germany; and in these desultory chapters Mr. Steevens has hit off with his wonted phenomenal insight and neatness of phrase any number of characteristic things which make it extremely good reading, for they are just the things that the average person observes superficially, while Mr. Steevens views them understandingly. Take this little extract, for example, from his chapter "How to Be a German," which treats, among other things, of the foreigner's enforced relations with German officials.

I said . . . that I have not found German officials uncivil. Quite the reverse; if civilly treated, they will go out of their way to oblige you. Certainly, it is best to take off your hat to them, and to the free (if snobbish) Englishman, this is painful. But the Englishman must bear in mind that in Germany to take off your hat is not a sign of servility or a confession of inferiority; it is the minimum of courtesy which you use to all people of all stations. The German's manners, you must also remember, are like everything else German—there is none of them in reserve; all the goods are put into the shop window of outward observance. Now, if you treat the official with the ordinary German good manners, and happen to know the right official to apply to in each case, he will be kind to you.

And here is another very characteristic citation, which is, at any rate, a tentative explanation of many things that are German:

To sum it all up, the German is the soul of economy. . . . In affairs of money he is the most sparing of men—sparing as only he can be whose currency is measured in a coin of which eight go to an English penny. It is enough to say that he always carries his nickels in a purse. Even when he is dissipated he proceeds warily and with sistent, so as to get the last possible ounce of dissipation for his five-shilling piece. . . . And as he makes the most of his money, so he makes the most of his dignity, of his adjectives, of his shooting suit, . . . of his victories, of his Kaisership. Quietly, methodically, surely, the German is always making the most of small things. He never draws back for a great effort; he is making small efforts continually. Sometimes ridiculous, usually most effective, always well satisfied with himself, he lives with his second-best foot foremost.

We regret that lack of space prevents us from noticing this most readable book at greater length.

Japanese Plays and Playfellows, by Osman Edwards, would from its title appear to be a usual sort of book, and one would expect to find in it either a somewhat pedantically exact account of certain Japanese games or amusements, or else the customary snapshot observations of a traveller who writes with something less than a half-knowledge. As a matter of fact, the book is a very fascinating one, because Mr. Edwards, who knows his Paris and his London intimately, has treated of Tokyo with a continual sense of its contrasts and resemblances and in so very human a way that he has given us something to read and to remember. The low life and also the intimate life of the Japanese are dealt with in a spirit of combined sympathy and understanding, while the frankness of the author is sometimes a little surprising, but always most informing. We shall give this book a much more extended notice at an early date. The publisher is John Lane.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WARWICK OF THE KNOBS

A Story of Stringtown County

BY JOHN URI LLOYD

NOTE.

To those who have read Mr. Lloyd's earlier book, any word of introduction to Stringtown and Stringtown County would be superfluous. The story of which we now present the opening chapters deals with practically the same scenes and the same period. *Warwick of the Knobs* is a study of a life such as men like Warwick met with Warwick's stoicism. These men were iron in the manner in which they clung to tradition, to home, to family pride, and above all to their religion and their God, whom they believed to be relentless but just. "This description of Boone (Stringtown) County," says Mr. Lloyd, "is such as history might record, but does not." The scenery, the people, the methods of worship, the prejudice, the sacrifice, have all been drawn from actual life.

There was no Warwick. At least there was no one of that name who presented the characteristics of the man whose name has given the title to this story. But with that, we might say, pure fiction ends. Beyond it everything lies somewhere or other in that borderland where the memory and the imagination meet and blend. Morgan scampered over these hills of Boone County at the head of his cavalry. He passed through here again after his escape from Columbus, and for a time was secreted on one of the knobs of Gunpowder. The ruins of the old church on the island are still to be seen.

THE EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE OF WARWICK.

High upon one of the knobs of Stringtown County stood the home of Preacher Warwick. One would have had to look far to find a more picturesque situation. Whatever way one looked there was something—a knob or a hillside, a valley, a gulch or a glen. To an artist or a poet the scene would have been a delight and an inspiration, but to Warwick it was nothing. From childhood the panorama had been before him. These hills and valleys, these woodlands, creeks, bluffs and stone croppings were commonplace to one reared as he had been in a house on the uplifted knob that commanded a view of the distant Ohio hills on the far west, the Indiana bluffs to the south, the great ridge upland that bisects Kentucky on the more distant east, and a horizon bounded everywhere by objects miles and miles away in the hazy distance.

In this home Warwick, large and muscular, a stalwart specimen of manhood, sat one afternoon. Before him there was a worn leather-backed bible, the bible that had come down to him through the hands of three generations of Warwicks. He was studying intently the page that had gladdened the eyes of his father and his father's father, and of that father's father; that had comforted many weary hearts in the day when the pioneers of Kentucky needed consolation such as could come from no other source. When the Virginia colonists marched and fought with Washington in the dark days of the Revolution, that book had been a solace to a Warwick, and even before it had been treasured by a Warwick who served in the old French wars.

On the opposite side of the room from Warwick sat his daughter, presenting in her gentle face and musical voice a striking contrast to his harsh tones and stern countenance. One of the problems which confronts one who travels in Kentucky is the conspicuous dissimilarity between the rugged Kentuckian and his daughter.

The girl seemed as much absorbed in her own thoughts as Warwick was intent upon his study of the Word. From time to time, however, she raised her eyes and looked in his direction with eyes that were almost beseeching. But not once did Warwick look toward her. At length she crossed the room and stood before him, but he still held his eyes upon the page of the book. Hesitatingly, and with a certain timid questioning in the movement, the girl dropped on her knees by his side, and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Father, forgive me for disturbing you now, but I have been waiting for a long time."

"What is it, daughter?"

"Father, it has been six years since mother died, six years to-night."

The man closed his book. "Six years since she passed into eternal life, my child."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The years have been long to me, father; they grow more lonesome as they pass."

"This should not be. Have you felt the need of food or clothing?"

"No."

"Of warmth in winter?"

"No, father."

"Has any one been trying your patience? Has your brother worried or annoyed you?"

She shook her head.

"You have been spared sickness."

"All that is true, father, and yet I am very lonesome."

"My daughter, six days in the week have you to spend in study, reading, recreation; you have food in plenty, clothes for comfort; a loving brother, a watchful father, and best of all, twice each month, the chance to go to meeting and hear the blessed word of God."

"Were my mother living, would she have said: 'This is all my daughter needs?' Would—" the girl hesitated and then continued: "May I speak, my father?"

The face of the man grew stern. "Go on, child."

"Would it be wrong for me to tell you of a dream that came to me night before last?"

"Tell it, child. Neither good nor harm can come from dreams."

"I dreamed my mother came to my side while, looking at a picnic party, I stood in the path near the creek road. She appeared to me as she did when I was young and she was well. Her cheeks were red and she was smiling. She seemed to be speaking to me and to be asking: 'Why is my daughter not with the young people?'" The girl stopped suddenly, and looked into her father's face.

"And you replied?"

"That it was wicked to frolic and dance and sing songs, such as these young people sang."

"Right, my child. And then?"

"May I tell you? My father, you will not be out of patience with me for repeating the words that mother seemed to be saying in the dream?"

"Go on, a dream is but a dream."

The girl lowered her voice and glanced about timidly.

"She said: 'Say to your father that the passing of these young people will mark the beginning of his afflictions, unless he makes his God lovable, his religion pleasurable, his daughter's pleasure and happiness a part of his thought; unless he lets her laugh and sing with young people such as these. Say to your father that he fears too much the devil—'"

"Stop," said Warwick. His voice, deep and hoarse, rang through the room. The girl was frightened and shrank back.

"Forgive me, my father. It was only the dream."

"Say no more, for no more will I hear."

"The dream is gone, my father, and so are the roses in my mother's cheeks. But the following day, the day after the dream, came the young people I had seen, the very same wagon, the same faces, the very boys and girls, who had been laughing and singing. But perhaps it was only chance." Then abruptly she changed the subject.

"I am very lonely, my father. Would it be wrong for me to see some things outside these knobs?"

"Did I not send you to boarding-school?"

"There were many girls in school, only girls. It was only on Sunday mornings that we could leave the grounds, and then a teacher led our line, and a teacher close followed it. We walked to church, two and two, and then back to the school; it is better to live in the knobs than to be watched as if one could not be trusted."

A shadow and a frown came over her father's face.

"Have you any other grievance?" he asked coldly.

Rising and clasping her hands, the girl looked him full in the face.

"Father, these things that I have spoken of are not grievances. I long for change of scene, for the company of other young folks. I wish to act like other girls, to be one of many. I long to go to a dance, to the Stringtown Fair, to a circus. Is it wrong to wear a ribbon in my hair, or a bright dress? Does not the wild bird, fresh from God's hand, sing? In our thickets are blue, and yellow, and even cardinal red birds; did not God make them bright in feathers, and—"

"My daughter," interrupted Warwick, but she continued.

"Please listen to me, father. Yesterday, a wagon filled with girls, and a troop of boys on horseback, passed in the road below us. I stood on the path near the way and heard them singing, just as they had done in my dream a few nights before."

"The artful devil," said Warwick, "has many methods to catch the unwary. Beware of the frivolities of youth. Shame comes at last to such as these."

"Just then," continued his daughter, "one of the girls looked toward where I stood, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then the others glanced at me; the wagon stopped and a young man rode to the path and drew his horse beside me."

"And what did he say?" asked Warwick, leaning over and scanning her face closely.

"He asked me to join the party. He said that they were going to Big Bone Springs for a picnic, that there was room in the wagon, and that they would see me safely home."

"And you?"

"Excused myself, because you, my father, do not approve of such things. But that day was very dreary to me, and to-day is more than lonesome. Last night I dreamed again of the faces in the wagon, and in my dreams it was not my mother that came, but the young man. I dreamed that I, too, was laughing and singing and in the wagon with the rest. I was very happy. But, my father, it was a dream, only a dream."

"Let it continue to be a dream. God grant, my daughter, that it may ever be a dream."

"Father, no girl comes to my home, I have no company nor society. I love you very, *very* much. I do not wish to annoy you, but it would be such a joy to me, and I would not love you any less, could I just for once go to Big Bone Springs with a party such as this party of the dream seemed to be. May I not, my father?"

"Daughter," replied Warwick, "put aside these frivolities. They are temptations that the devil sends. They are no credit to the young persons of whom you speak, and who will yet sup of sorrow. Such company would disgrace the daughter of your father. 'Vanity of vanity, all, all is vanity.' These young people sin in God's sight. They do unrighteous things, of which you have no knowledge, and which, while I live, shall never be part of your life. Worldly music, frolicking, dancing, are an abomination to the Lord. Never, never, I say, shall the daughter of Warwick take part in such unholy acts. Child of mine, you, who enjoy the manifold blessings God has showered on your path, and yet openly crave for unhallowed joys, know that your father would rather see you in your shroud than the member of such a party. The devil, I say, tempts the unwary. Turn your thoughts to holy things; sing the 194th hymn; pray to God for strength, my child. Listen to the words of the sacred text: 'He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might, He increaseth strength.' "

The girl sank on her knees and buried her face in her hands. The man turned to his bible. Just then a sheet of lightning flashed across the cloud, that had loomed out from the southwest, a shock of thunder that shook the house and made the knob tremble followed it. The unexpected interruption seemed to remind Warwick of a neglected duty. He arose, strapped a pair of rawhide leggings about his ankles, slipped a small bible and hymnal into a pair of saddle-bags, and started for the door.

CHAPTER II.

THE YELLOW FLOOD.

Evening had not fallen, yet the room had suddenly become darkened by a leaden gloom-shade, such as in this section of our land falls occasionally on the hills and valleys when of a sultry afternoon the upstarting clouds close in from the southwest and lose themselves among the knobs, cliffs and gorges.

With his legs encased in his yellow leggings and his slouch hat drawn firmly over his forehead to his very eyes, Warwick was ready to take his departure. In one hand he held a short cowhide riding whip, in the other the well-worn saddle-bags. His daughter had begun a final plea when a crash of thunder, like a material object, seemed to strike against the house and then thumped and bounded and rolled away in the distance, much as though gigantic balls were bouncing from knob to knob. The girl drew back, and her face turned very white. Warwick seemed not to notice her fright, nor to hear the thunder crash. With a rough kindness he stroked her hair as she stood pleading between the door and himself.

"Tut, tut, child," he said, "many is the time your father has gone forth into storms harder than this one. What harm can a drop of water do me?"

"But, father, wait until the storm is over."

Warwick shook his head. "You do not know what is best, child."

At that moment a vivid sheet of lightning streamed into the window, lighting up her face.

"I am so afraid! Do not leave me now, please do not."

"And has it come to this?" the father replied. "Have my teachings left you, my daughter, altogether, without faith? Do you, for whom the heart of your father has ever gone in supplication to the great God above, do you, who should know right from wrong, if ever child knew it, not comprehend, that if the good Lord has elected that man shall die of lightning stroke, no human hand, no mortal power can avert the end?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"But the flood, the water is coming down in sheets, the creek is overflowing; you will drown, my father."

"If a man is born to be drowned," said Warwick, "he will never die in any other way. If a man is not destined to be drowned, he cannot drown. Child, you do wrong when you question God's power to judge these things. You are impious when you attempt to persuade your father to shirk his duty. Did I not announce that evening services would begin this day at early candle-light? Never yet did Preacher Warwick fail to keep his word to the Lord."

The girl threw her arms about the form of her father, her head hardly reaching to his shoulder.

"Do not leave me alone in this storm, please do not. Others will not go to church to-night."

"Daughter, God sent this storm for some beneficent purpose, and the same God bade me announce services this evening. You say that others will not go to church to-night. Then so be it. Alone in the holy sanctuary I shall pray for timid sinners, who shrink from a touch of water. Go I must, if for no other reason than to plead for you in God's holy house, for you, who see not the devil's allurements, who doubt the power of God to direct men's footsteps according to the foreordained. plan. Daughter, kneel and beseech the great God of Hosts to give you the strength to trust in His all-wise power and in His love for man, a sinner. God knows best why, in His loving mercy, He directed me, His servant, to announce services this evening. God knows, too, why this storm of lightning-stroke and flood was sent. God only knows why these things are, but if they *are,* they are for the best, and that alone concerns me, His trusting servant. That which was ordained in the beginning must be."

Carrying his saddle-bags, which contained his bible and his hymnal, Warwick passed out of the door into the storm, which now seemed to have centred itself about the very knob upon which his house stood. The girl threw herself upon her knees beside a chair, burying her face in her hands, while the wind and rain, mixed with hail, broke forth with increasing fury. Amid the interlocked gleam of lightning-strokes fast following each other, and the thunder crashes, that were as a medley of blows, and snaps, and long-drawn-out rolls, the man on the horse passed cautiously down the hill, toward the bank-full creek at its base.

Slowly, step by step, the horse picked his way along the rocky path, which was now threaded with yellow rills, down to the not less turbulent yellow flood, where the creek-road, into which the path merged, passed into and under the angry torrent, which now filled its channel and crept over the banks. Without hesitation the well-trained horse stepped into the water, slowly advancing, step by step over the uneven, flat stone bottom, until the feet of the rider were covered by the flood. Suddenly Warwick drew the reins, turned his face up the stream, placed his hand behind his ear and listened, as if to catch a sound that the storm and rushing water rendered indistinct.

After listening for a moment he backed his horse out of the flood, and turning up the stream, he forced his way along the bank, peering closely and anxiously at the seething torrent. At a spot where the water eddied in a deep pool, he saw a human form clinging to the top of a snagged tree's trunk, which with roots caught in the earth, swerved back and forth, as the circling water swept its free end from side to side. The unfortunate man possessed strength enough, it was evident, to cling for a time only, with just voice enough to cry out weakly, when the chances were a thousand to one that he would not be heard, or even if he were that no one could do more than wait on the bank, and watch the rushing waters loosen the clasp of the weakened arms and close over the body.

The struggling beast, on which Warwick rode floundered along the muddy bank, among the tall horse weeds, alders and iron weeds, that just outside the fence almost shut from sight the creek it bordered. In some places there was hardly space enough for a cow-path between fence and flood, but Warwick urged his way through and over all obstructions, until he reached a spot on a line with the stranger.

Only a few feet separated the two, but the short distance seemed unpassable.

"Hold fast! pray to the Lord for strength," cried Warwick, striking his horse a sharp cut with his whip.

Through the beating storm, the words were heard by the struggler, the horse and rider disappeared in the underbrush, through which crept the cow-path up the creek. When Warwick was a short distance above the tree trunk to which the man was clinging he turned his horse's head toward the flood, and with another cut of the whip forced him into the waters.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then could have been seen a wonderful display of horsemanship, human courage, and animal faith in man, to which, however, the Kentucky knobs and wilds alone were witness. Breasting the flood, head upstream and body submerged, the horse was swept like a fragment of drift, down the rapids and into the eddy, where clung the drowning man. Warwick seemed to be fully as helpless, and in even greater danger than the man he aimed to help. But as the horse neared the spot where swayed the sunken log, Warwick stretched out his right arm and reached out, and clutching the man in peril, he drew him with a firm grasp to his side. Just as the ford was reached the feet of the horse struck the stones, then leaping from his place in the saddle, with the exhausted man clasped in his right arm, and leading his horse, Warwick beat his way out of the creek, out and then up the rocky road that led to his home on the knob.

The door was opened, and Warwick, carrying his burden, entered the room from which he had so recently departed. Placing the limp figure on a chair, he turned to his daughter and with a strange indifference to the well-being of either the stranger or himself, he began:

"Daughter, man's sins are many, but the Lord is merciful to those who repent in time for salvation. Pray that you may be forgiven for the error of heart that led you this day both to listen to Satan and try to thwart the plans of the Almighty. Kneel and pray, and then rise up firm in strength and faithful in purpose, ready henceforth to do the will of the Lord. Daughter, had your father listened to your appeal, the voice of the man in distress would have been unheard. Manifold are thy ways, O Lord, and past understanding. That which is to be must come to pass. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

(*To be continued.*)

NOVEL NOTES

THE VISITS OF ELIZABETH. By Eleanor Glyn. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

This book is one that might much better have remained unpublished. It is not especially well done, and it very certainly was not worth the doing. It consists of a number of letters supposed to have been written by the eponymous heroine, Elizabeth, a young English girl of rank and station, to her mother, and describing the happenings observed by her at the various country houses in England and in France at which Elizabeth is visiting. Elizabeth is naïve to a degree not yet attained by any living girl of her age and general intelligence; and while she is perpetually recording all sorts of unclean incidents, she remains throughout sublimely unconscious of what they mean. Elizabeth herself is supposed to be so remarkably attractive that practically every man, married or unmarried, old or young, whom she encounters is at once possessed of a desire to squeeze her hand or kiss her, or make ambiguous appointments with her; but Elizabeth simply fails to understand anything at all about these amourous advances any more than she understands the perpetual adulterous complications that are all about her in that section of smart society wherein she moves. The general theme is superficially like that to which several of Mr. Henry James's later books have been devoted; with the difference, however, that Mr. James's young girls have perception, and are treated psychologically, while Elizabeth, as has been already seen, is on the one point where women's wits are usually most alert, miraculously dull. In life, moreover, Elizabeth's mother after receiving just one of these same letters would have cut short her daughter's visiting, with extreme rapidity. We fail to see any merit in the book whatever. To those who are in search of the salacious, the improprieties here recorded are too much veiled to be exciting; while those who like to read what is wholesome are bound to find the *Visits of Elizabeth* leaving a most unpleasant taste in the mouth.

Rafford Pyke.

THE WAY OF BELINDA. By Frances Weston Carruth. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

The Way of Belinda is a pretty love story. It is as wholesome and as entertaining as *Those Dale Girls,* which appeared a few years ago. That story did not make any pretensions, nor did it need any special heralding; and the same may be said of this story, which will leave a pleasant impression after it has been read and laid aside. *The Way of Belinda* has New York for its background, and the characters that move thereon are part of the great city's life. Belinda is a young girl of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

twenty, living with her grandmother in a Fifth Avenue hotel. The said grandmother is of aristocratic birth, living beyond her small income in order to launch Belinda into society. She, of course, wants Belinda to marry for money, and is even willing to receive a parvenu into her family. But Belinda is made of better stuff than this. She does not care to lead the narrow and restricted life of a "society girl" and as often as opportunity permits she seeks her old friend and governess, Miss Lovering, who is doing noble work down in Rivington Street. It is there that Belinda meets Him. His name is Jerry Blake, and he is a reporter on one of the large dailies. He is a typical newspaper man of the best type; a college-bred gentleman, full of interest in his ever-varying work, and laying up for himself any quantity of "copy" when the time shall come for some big work. He is the sort of man to write a good American novel, and we are sure that Jerry does this and much more before his day is done. At present he is very much in love with Belinda, and Belinda is very much in love with him. But the grandmother is obdurate, and their love's young dream has its drawbacks. The lovers, however, are patient and tactful, and before the story is ended the grandmother has partially relented. The following bit of dialogue will surely appeal to the young and romantic reader:

"And do you know, Belinda, that all the while I've been here you've never once spoken my name?"

"I didn't know it the first time I saw you or the second," evasively.

"But you do now, do you not, sweetheart?"

Both had risen, and taking her in his arms, he tipped back her face and looked deep in her heart. "Isn't it there?" he asked softly, as she did not speak.

"What?" she murmured, a pink flush betraying her.

"My name, dear one. Isn't it somewhere there in your heart?"

"Way down deep."

"Could you find it, do you think, for me?"

"You might take it away from me, I'm afraid," she pretended.

"That I'd steal what is yours? Oh, Belinda!" And then putting his face down to hers, said penitently, "I didn't mean to tease you to say what you don't want to, sweetheart."

"Jerry," she cried, "Jerry!"

And for many days and weeks after that tremulous "Jerry" sang in his ears.

A PILLAR OF SALT. By Jeannette Lee. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. $1.25.

This is an unassuming-looking little volume, and the writer is quite unknown to us. She has, however, written a particularly human tale in a simple and direct manner. *A Pillar of Salt* is the story of a man who has spent a dozen of the best years of his life in trying to perfect a patent. He is typical of the many men who have passed their days in much the same way. Max Erling has a wife and five children, but they are like dream-folk to him. He neglects his work and his family for the creation of his brain. He goes mad for it, and finally dies for it. His wife has "scrimped and saved, and saved and pinched" to keep the family out of debt. She is a practical, hard-working New England woman, and to her the artistic temperament of her husband is quite beyond her understanding. She tries and tries to make him give up the "machine"—to be as other men—but without success. In imagination Max saw "the shining rods of the complete machine gathering up silk, and weaving and shaping it, . . . the workmen freed by the new power."

The face looking up through the leaves to the sky was the face of a poet, and the heart of the inventor was the heart of a poet. . . His heart grew very gentle toward impatience and distrust. She could not know. She had not understood. She had never meant to ruin and thwart him. The soul was not more than raimant to her. . . . If she could lie by him here in the fading minutes, and hear the birds singing, and forget the yeast and the dishes, the potatoes sprouting in the cellar, and the ironing, life would be sweet to her—she would understand. . . . She would be glad to thirst that others might drink deep.

But she never understands, and the tragedy of their lives deepen. Miss Lee gives to the story a background of New England simplicity. There is a pure tone throughout the book, and the pathos in it is quite free from sentimentality.

KING'S END. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. $1.50.

King's End is not an historical romance, as the title might lead one to suppose, but a story of life in a New England village. Miss Brown's special field is New England, as the readers of her previous books well know. There is a serious undercurrent running through *King's End* which makes one feel that the author has given considerable thought to the problem of life. The story opens in the sick room of Sally Horner, whose daughter has recently died and left to her care a baby. The father, Luke Evans, tramp and outcast, returns to King's End to find that his wife has died, and that his daughter, whom he has not yet seen, is in the possession of the woman

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

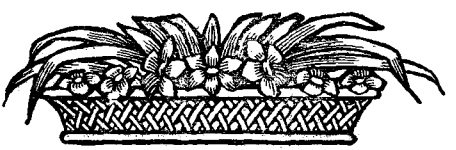
who hates him bitterly. Luke is one of the world's unfortunates. "The hand of every man was against him, but he did not care. There had been nights, known only to God and the stars, when he had lain face downward, in the same dewy fields, and, clutching the earth, cried a man's hot tears and railed against heaven." Luke is an interesting figure from the time that he steals his own child until he meets the Elder, to "walk with him into the world." The various other characters in the story are also interesting. The girl, Nancy, struggles with human love and with what she thinks is a call from God; and Martin, the determined lover, argues with her in this homely fashion:

"What do you suppose God cares about your squeaking little back talk? You just come over to the new house, along in the fall, and wash dishes and cook johnny-cake, like any other married woman, and be kissed for your pains, and see if God interferes with you. More or less He will. We've got to tough it with the rest. Even squirrels have hard winters. But what do you suppose He put us here for, but to mate, and clear up the ground a little, and sow a few grass-seeds, and plant a tree? . . . If God is the kind of a county sheriff you seem to think, He must get terrible tired of seeing folks 'round with their white robes on, and their harps standing ready, tied up in green baize."

Then there is the Elder's sister, an old woman now, who has locked away in her heart a real romance which no one suspects. These are all real people, and they do not have to talk dialect to convince us that they are.

THE CONQUEST OF LONDON. By Dorothea Gerard. New York: F. M. Buckles & Company. $1.50.

This is a story to put you into a good, easy humour for an hour or two. Within the limits it sets itself it is perfectly successful. How four orphan sisters, on the strength of a little legacy, suddenly emerged from their extreme, though genteel, poverty to take London by storm; how they had a great zest for life, and knew as much about the world as blind puppies; how they quite failed to make the impression they intended, but had an excellent time, and were suddenly hurled back into their straits and penury by the exhaustion of their money; and how the friendly millionaire turned up just in the nick of time—well, read it all for your diversion in this diverting tale. It is gay and amusing, and nature is never outraged. The girls are not paragons. To tell the truth, they are the rankest Philistines—not excepting the artist Evelyn. If one were to take the book seriously, it might be called one more sign of the pervading materialistic ideal of the time. But that would be to aim a Maxim at a butterfly. And if the girls' aspirations are all worldly, they are not wanting in sentiment and generosity. They must be liked heartily, and this, their chronicles of one season, is sure of popularity.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1901.

Publications during the month just passed were more numerous than for any of the preceding months of the present year, and compared favourably in this respect with those of the same time in recent years. In addition there was a noticeable number of titles by well-known authors which may be expected to sell readily. *The Octopus,* by Frank Norris; *Sweetheart Manette,* by Maurice Thompson; *King's End,* by Alice Brown; and *Love-Letters of the King,* by Richard Le Gallienne, were among the new fiction. Also the Players' Edition of *Ben-Hur,* so attractive in appearance and price as to add materially to the life of this remarkable selling book. In miscellaneous subjects the output of the month was also very prolific, and among others worthy of mention were *My Autobiography,* by F. Max Müller, *Up from Slavery,* by Booker T. Washington, and *The Love-Letters of Victor Hugo.* In this connection it may be said that it would appear as if the recent fad of publishing love letters had reached a climax in a little book entitled *Love-Letters of a Liar,* by Mrs. William Allen, which is meeting with so much popularity that it seems likely to rival *Billy Baxter's Letters.*

Rather more than usual of the new books are being published at a net price in line with the recommendations of The Publishers' Association, while on the other hand many of the publishers are announcing their new miscellaneous works for April publication to escape the regulations to go in force May 1. There has been considerable criticism and some opposition made to the new plans, both by publishers and retailers alike.

Several of the more recent novels are coming to the front and taking their place among the best sellers of the day, notably *The Visits of Elizabeth,* by Eleanor Glyn, and *Like Another Helen,* by George Horton.

There is already much activity among the publishers of paper-bound fiction in anticipation of the coming season, and the standard series may be expected to have numerous additions, but as yet there are no titles of prominence. The usual spring issue of outdoor books is somewhat backward, and so far the demand has been supplied from the works of former seasons.

The announcements for early publication are both many and of such character as to insure large sales in some instances, including books by such well-known authors as Irving Bacheller, Winston Churchill, Josiah Strong, Clara Louise Burnham, and Kate Douglas Wiggin, also *The Helmet of Navarre,* by Bertha Runkle, which has been running as a serial in *The Century Magazine,* and for which advance orders have been so large as to necessitate a first edition of fifty thousand copies.

Sales for March held their own very well, although in some instances reports of a quiet month were heard. The outlook, however, for the immediate future is exceptionally good in view of the recent publications and announcements.

The best selling books of the month, arranged in the order of their popularity, follows:

Alice of Old Vincennes. By M. Thompson. $1.50.

Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.

The Visits of Elizabeth. By Eleanor Glyn. $1.50.

Richard Yea-and-Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50.

In the Palace of the King. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.

An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. $1.50.

Billy Baxter's Letters. By W. J. Kountz, Jr. 75 cents.

Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $1.50.

Quincy Adams Sawyer. By C. F. Pidgin. $1.50.

The Sky Pilot. By Ralph Connor. $1.25.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By H. Harland. $1.50.

Stringtown on the Pike. By John Uri Lloyd. $1.50.

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Like Another Helen. By George Horton. $1.50.

Monsieur Beaucaire. By Booth Tarkington. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

FEBRUARY 20 TO MARCH 20, 1901.

The approach of the spring season has made itself felt during the past week or two by a customary quickening in business by the various publishing houses, but up to the present it cannot be said that this has been met by any correspondingly increased demand on the part of the public; however, it may safely be said that, taking the month as a whole, a very fair amount of trade has been transacted, and a decided improvement has taken place in comparison with the like period of last year.

The demand for general literature, such as biography, theology, and works of a technical nature, has been at times exceedingly limited; but the 6s. novel has come to the rescue and become the saving clause, by maintaining a steady and continuous sale. Our most popular novelists have not been much in evidence with fresh issues, but among the most noticeable of the month's output may be mentioned *The Frobishers,* by S. B. Gould; *Good Souls in Cider-Land,* by Walter Raymond; *The Column,* by Charles Marriott; *The Church of Humanity,* by D. C. Murray; *A Woman of Yesterday,* by Caroline A. Mason; and *This Body of Death,* by Adeline Sergeant. *The Master Sinner* has continued to be much in favour; and Guy Boothby's *My Indian Queen* has sold freely.

An appreciable demand for several of the more popular Continental Guide-Books has been experienced. Probably the most successful in this class have been the volumes on Rome and Florence in the Mediæval Towns

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Series, and two well-illustrated volumes on Town and Country Life in France and Germany respectively. A selection of the cartoons by our late famous *Punch* artist, Sir John Tenniel, has been much sought after, and bids fair to become one of the most popular of Mr. Punch's many and varied issues.

Various memoirs of Queen Victoria have still enjoyed a somewhat limited sale. This cannot, however, be said of that now being issued in parts, and written by the Duke of Argyle; for it is selling by the thousand. *A Common-Sense Army,* by the author of that still popular work, *An Absent-Minded War,* has just appeared, and coming at a time when so much thought is centred on military matters, it has circulated widely and attracted much attention. Sixpenny reprints have increased in sale during the month. Many of those mentioned in previous reports have still kept up their popularity, and among the most successful of the new issues may be mentioned *Children of the Ghetto, Phra the Phœnician, Adventures of Captain Kettle, Cuckoo in the Nest,* and *A Flirtation with Truth.*

The following is a list of books which have been most in demand during the month:

The Master Sinner. By a Well-known Author. 3s. 6d. (J. Long.)

According to Plato. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Richard Yea-and-Nay. By M. Hewlett. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Frobishers. By S. Baring Gould. 6s. (Methuen.)

Little Grey Sheep. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The Visits of Elizabeth. By Eleanor Glyn. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Hosts of the Lord. By F. A. Steele. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Sin of Jasper Standish. By Rita. 6s. (Constable.)

Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)

Sacred Fount. By Henry James. 6s. (Methuen.)

Englishwoman's Love-Letters. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)

Another Englishwoman's Love-Letters. By Barry Pain. 2s., sewed 1s. (Unwin.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MARCH 10 TO APRIL 10, 1901.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:
- What is the Matter with the Church? F. S. Root.
- The Temper Cure. S. E. Johnson.
- The Stranger. M. B. Loring.
- The N'th Foot in War. Lieut. M. B. Stewart, U. S. A.
- Three Fair Philanthropists. Alice M. Muzzy.
- The Vengeance of the Mob. Sam. A. Hamilton.

American Book Company:
- New Manual of the Constitution. I. W. Andrews.
- A Spanish Grammar. S. Garner.
- Allerlei. A. Fahsel.

Appleton and Company:
- Some Ill-used Words. A. Ayres.
- China. J. H. Wilson.
- Betsy Ross. Chauncey C. Hotchkiss.
- A Landmark History of New York. Albert Ulmann.

Armstrong and Son:
- Modern Criticism. G. A. Smith.

Bell and Sons:
- Street Dust. Ouida.

Bonnell, Silver and Company:
- The Calling of the Apostle. Z. Humphrey.

Brentano's:
- The Story of Sarah. M. Louise Forsslund.
- The Fourth Estate. Rachel Challice.
- Our Fate and the Zodiac. Margaret Mayo.

Cassell and Company:
- The Sick and Wounded in South Africa. Burdett-Coutts.
- Campaign Pictures of the War in South Africa, 1890-1900. A. G. Hales.

Century Company:
- East London. Sir Walter Besant.
- Her Mountain Lover. Hamlin Garland.
- The Wizard's Knot. William Barry.

Cooke and Fry:
- The Romance of a Trained Nurse. F. Scott.

Crowell and Company:
- Character-Building Thought Power. R. W. Trine.
- Every Living Creature. R. W. Trine.
- The Greatest Thing Ever Known. R. W. Trine.

Dodd, Mead and Company:
- The Story of My Life. Vols. III. and IV. A. J. C. Hare.
- The Passing of the Great Queen. M. Corelli.
- The Way of Belinda. F. W. Carruth.
- The Fanatics. P. L. Dunbar.
- Pro Patria. M. Pemberton.
- Souls of Passage. Amelia E. Barr.
- The Second Dandy Chater. Tom Gallon.
- Observations of Henry. Jerome K. Jerome.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
- Up from Slavery. B. T. Washington.
- The Personal Edition of George Eliot. Vol. I. A. Bede.

Eckler:
- Erasmus in Praise of Folly. Hans Holbein.

Fenno and Company:
- Clayton Hallowell. F. W. Van Praag.

Fowler, Wells Company:
- Of Such is the Kingdom, and other Poems. A. C. Commelin.

Grafton Press:
- In Oudemon. H. S. Drayton.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harper, F. P.:
The Literary Year-Book, and Bookman's Directory. 1901. Herbert Morrah.

Harper Brothers:
The Love Letters of Victor Hugo.
Martin Brook. Morgan Bates.
A History of the Four Georges and of William the Fourth. Vols. III. and IV.

Holt and Company:
Hypnotism and Suggestion. R. O. Mason.
Selections from Dante's Divina Commedia. R. J. Cross.
Selections from the Poetry of Alexander Pope. Edward B. Reed.

Jenkins:
L'art d'Interesser En Classe. Victor F. Bernard.
Constructive Process for Learning German. Adolphe Dreyspring.

Lane:
In His Own Image. Frederick B. Corvo.
A Birthday Book. John O. Hobbes.
Adam Bede. George Eliot.
An Iseult Idyll. G. C. Lounsbery.
Japanese Plays and Playfellows. Osman Edwards.
Architectural Remains of Old Richmond, Petersham and Twickenham Kew and Mortlake. Frederic Chapman.

Longmans, Green and Company:
Anne Mainwarning. A. Ridley.
Felix Reville Brunot. 1820-1898. Charles L. Slattery.
Lysbeth. H. Rider Haggard.

Macmillan Company:
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth. W. Shakespeare.
Julius Cæsar. W. Shakespeare.
The Making of Christopher Ferringham. B. M. Dix.
The Compleat Angler. I. Walton.
Robert Annys: Poor Priest. Annie N. Meyer.

Mansfield and Company:
Recollections of a Georgia Loyalist. Rev. A. W. Eaton, B.A.
J. M. Barrie. J. A. Hammerton.

McClure, Phillips and Company:
Hamlet. W. Shakespeare.
The Life of Napoleon. I. M. Tarbill.
A Sack of Sakings. F. T. Bullen.
Stories from McClure's. The Railroad.
From a Swedish Homestead. Jessie Brochner.

Mershon Company:
Out for Business. Horatio Alger.
The Rover Boys out West. A. M. Winfield.
Lost on Volcano Island. M. Marline.
The Land of Fire. L. Charles.
A Schoolboy's Pluck. R. Rockwood.
The Luck of a Castaway. M. Marline.
The Wizard of the Sea. Roy Rockwood.
Bound to Rise. Allen Chapman.
Malcolm, the Water-boy. D. T. Henry.

New Amsterdam Book Company:
Milly. Maurice Thompson.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:
To Nazareth or Tarsus?

Owen:
Yours, John Armstrong. A. D. Norris.

Putnam's Sons:
Elbert Hubbard and His Work. A. Lane.
The World's Orators. Vols. IX. and X. America. George C. Lee, Editor-in-chief.
Another Englishwoman's Love-Letters. Barry Pain.
Wild Wales. George Borrow.
Dwellers in the Hills. Melville D. Post.
The Thirteen Colonies. In two Parts. Part I.
The Thirteen Colonies. In two Parts. Part II.
German Life in Town and Country. William H. Dawson.
Dupes. Ethel W. Humford.

Royal Columbia Press:
The Story of Louise. Deshler Welch.

Scribner's:
Ten Months a Captive among Filipinos. A. Sonnichen.
The Disciple. P. Bovrget.
Choirs and Choral Music. A. Mees.
God's Puppets. I. Clark.
My Autobiography. F. Max Muller.
Masters of French Literature. G. M. Harper.
Aes Triplex. R. L. Stevenson.
The Inlander. H. Robertson.
Man Building. R. I. Fiske.
Under Tops'ls and Tents. Cyrus T. Brady.
The Stage Reminiscences of Mrs. Gilbert. Charlotte M. Martin.
Without a Warrant. Hildegard Brooks.
Crucial Instances. Edith Wharton.
The Boy General. Mary Burt.

Silver, Burdett and Company:
The Religious Use of Imagination. E. H. Johnson.

Sinclair Press:
Springtime and Harvest. Upton B. Sinclair, Jr.

Stokes and Company:
Your Uncle Lew. Charles R. Sherlock.
The Silver Skull. S. R. Crockett.

Wagner:
Select Recitations, Orations, and Dramatic Scenes with Actions and Emphasis. C. J. Birbeck.

Wessells Company:
The Rise of the Book Plate. W. G. Bowdoin.
Robert Louis Stevenson. H. B. Baildon.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Riggs Printing and Publishing Company:
Rhymes from Time to Time. W. C. Doane.

BOSTON.

Heath and Company:
A Book of Nursery Rhymes. Part I. C. Welsh.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Book of Nursery Rhymes. Part II. C. Welsh.

Ginn and Company:
Bird Portraits. Ernest Seton-Thompson.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:
A Soldier of Virginia. B. E. Stevenson.
The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell. J. N. McIlwraith.
The Light of the World. H. D. Ward.
King's End. A. Brown.
Dog Watches at Sea. S. H. King.
The Autobiography of a Journalist. Vols. I. and II. W. J. Stillman.
Greek Sculpture. E. M. Hurll.
The Story of Eva. Will Payne.
The French Academy. Leon H. Vincent.
Corneille. Leon H. Vincent.
Falstaff and Equity. Charles E. Phelps.

Lee and Shepard:
For His Sake. A. E. Mack.
Political Economy of Humanism. H. Wood.

Little, Brown and Company:
The Love-Letters of a King. R. L. Gallienne.
Truth Dexter. S. McCall.
The Life of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Millicent G. Fawcett.

Lothrop Publishing Company:
A Carolina Cavalier. G. C. Eggleston.

Marlier and Company:
The Passion. R. P. M. J. Ollivier.

Sanborn and Company:
A New Gradatim. M. C. Smart.

Small, Maynard and Company:
Louis Agassiz. A. B. Gould.
Father Hecker. H. D. Sedgwick.

CHICAGO.

Advance Publishing Company:
Born to Serve. C. M. Sheldon.
Victoria. C. M. Sheldon.

Laird and Lee:
The Standard Letter Writer. A. B. Chambers.
Conklin's Handy Manual. G. W. Conklin.
Lee's Automobile Annual for 1901. A. B. Chambers.

Stone:
Mexico City. O. Percival.
Graunstark. G. B. McCutcheon.

CINCINNATI.

Wise and Company:
Reminiscences by Isaac M. Wise. David Philipson.

CLEVELAND.

Savage:
Nursing Ethics. Isabel H. Robb.

DUBLIN.

Hodges, Figgis and Company:
Social Development under Christian Influences. Rev. M. Kaufmann, M.A.

LONDON.

Heinemann:
Mount Omi. A. J. Little.

Spottiswoode and Company:
The Afrikander Bond. T. L. Schreiner.

PARIS.

Lenerre:
Les Ruines de L'Amour. Marcel Barrière.
Le Roman de L'Ambition. Marcel Barrière.
L'Education d'un Contemporain. Marcel Barrière.

PHILADELPHIA.

Altemus and Company:
Poor Boys' Chances. J. Habberton.

Lippincott and Company:
When Blades are Out and Love's Afield. C. T. Brady.

Vir Publishing Company:
What a Man of Forty-five Ought to Know. S. Stull.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Robertson:
Cœur De Nöel. L. D. Ventura.
Songs from Bohemia. D. O'Connell.
Under the Berkeley Oaks.

WASHINGTON.

Neale Company:
Her Other Self. By the author of "The Search for a Nose."

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between March 1, 1901, and April 1, 1901.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Story of Sarah. Forsslund. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Lords of the North. Lane. (Taylor & Co.) $1.50.
5. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn (Lane.) $1.50.
2. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Story of Sarah. Forsslund. (Brentano.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. King's Pawn. Drummond. (Page.) $1.50.
4. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50 and 25 cents.
5. A King's Pawn. Drummond. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.20.
2. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.20.
3. Henry V. Mansfield Ed. (Russell.) 50 cents.
4. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.20.
5. Century Library. Scott and Thackeray. (Nelson.) $1.00.
6. Private Life of the Queen. (Appleton.) $1.20.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. King's End. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. When Blades Are Out and Love's Afield. Brady. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Grant. Wister. (Small, Maynard & Co.) 75 cents.
6. The Making of Christopher Ferringham. Dix. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. A King's Pawn. Drummond. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Mainwaring Affair. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Uncle Terry. Munn. (Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
6. The Men of the Dusk. Fennemore. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. A Daughter of the Fields. Tynan. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Story of Sarah. Forsslund. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Written in Red. Montague and Dyer. (Brentano.) $1.25.
5. Chapters from Illinois History. Mason. (Stone.) $2.50 and $10.
6. The Inn of the Silver Moon. Viele. (Stone.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Darlingtons. Peake. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Ralph Marlowe. Naylor. (Saalfield Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. The Darlingtons. Peake. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

6. The House Behind the Cedars. Chesnutt. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. The House of Egremont. Seawell. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark Publishing Co.) $1.50.
4. A King's Pawn. Drummond. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
4. L'Aiglon. Romance. (Brentano.) 50 cents.
5. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Son of Austerity. Knight. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. The House of Egremont. Seawell. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Mexico City. Percival. (Stone.) $1.25.
4. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Herod. Phillips. (Lane.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark Publishing Co.) $1.50.
5. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Mcmillan.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Black Rock. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
6. The Powers that Prey. Flynt and Walton. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. Mantle of Elijah. Zangwill. (Gage.) 75 cents and $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (MacLeod.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. Old Testament Preaching. Armstrong. (Hodder & Co.) $1.50.
5. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Fifty Years' Life and Work, Educational and Scientific. Chiefly Autobiographical. Dawson. (Dawson.) $1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark Publishing Co.) $1.50.
2. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) 35 cents.
3. Tribune Primer. Field. (Dickerman.) 50 cents.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. A King's Pawn. Drummond. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Napoleon. Rosebery. (Harper.) $3.00.
4. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Cardinal's Rose. Sutphen. (Harper.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Story of Sarah. Forsslund. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark.) $1.50.
4. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
5. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. McLoughlin and Old Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Stories of Oregon. Dye. (Whitaker & Ray Co.) 50 and 60 cents.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. John Vytal. Payson. (Harper.) $1.20 net.
2. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The King's Pawn. Drummond. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Cardinal's Snuff-box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. King of Honey Island. Thompson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
5. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark Publishing Co.) $1.50.
5. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Cardinal's Snuff-box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Sweet Mariette. Thompson. (Lippincott.)
6. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Morang.) $1.50.
2. The Cardinal's Rose. Sutphen. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Morang.) $1.75.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. Story of Sarah. Forsslund. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Paul Jones. Buell. (Scribner.) $3.00.
6. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) 50 cents and $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Hamlet. Shakespeare (Sothern ed.). (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50 cents net.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
5. Henry V. Shakespeare (Mansfield ed.). (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50 cents net.
6. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

E. H. Sothern and Richard Mansfield both played engagements here during the past month, at the local theatres, which accounts for the sale of the respective plays in which they appeared, as listed above.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark Publishing Co.) $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Making of Christopher Ferringham. Dix. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Sam Lovel's Boy. Robinson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. King's End. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any	list	receives	10
" "	2d	"	"	"	8
" "	3d	"	"	"	7
" "	4th	"	"	"	6
" "	5th	"	"	"	5
" "	6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.....	252
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.....	183
3. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	115
4. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.....	100
5. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark Publishing Co.) $1.50.....	52
6. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.....	50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED